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A YEAR OF WAR.

THE recapitulation of events which have, during a period of twelve months, successively attracted universal attention, is often tedious, and may be thought superfluous; but it is only when such a survey is actually attempted that it becomes possible to appreciate the public capacity for rapid oblivion. A free nation is necessarily susceptible of strong impressions. The force of opinion could not be brought to bear on affairs as they arise, if all things were seen in the perspective which presents itself to the historian, or even to the annalist; and there is nothing, therefore, to regret in a habit of mind which has belonged to every noble and self-governed population. It is important, however, that statesmen should possess the power of perceiving the difference between the clamour or the feeling of the day, and the true bearing of contemporary events. After a few months, agitations which seemed almost to convulse society collapse into their natural proportions. In the last spring, the Administrative Reform Association appeared to the multitude in the form of an agency which might be largely beneficial or gravely mischievous; and those who sympathized with that movement, as well as the few who deprecated unseasonable interference with the Government, may now perhaps be almost surprised when they are reminded that only nine months have passed since the inflation of a bubble which has already long ago collapsed.

The winter campaign before Sebastopol cannot be so easily forgotten; but the exaggerated alarm which was produced by the reports of newspaper correspondents is by this time, so far as English opinion is concerned, a thing of the past. Unfortunately, however, the echo of our characteristically absurd accusations of our own system will linger long on the Continent; for few foreigners are either willing or able to understand the mania of national self-depreciation. During last January, the percentage of French soldiers sent to the hospitals was greater than the proportion which excessive labour deducted from the strength of the English army; but, even if the French press had been at liberty to speak on the subject, its conductors would probably have maintained a patriotic reserve. There have been many mistakes and shortcomings in our military administration, but the peculiarity of the campaign consisted in the publicity given to all our misfortunes. If a single figure in a group of engraved outlines were filled up in the brightest colours, the incongruity would be exactly analogous to that which confused the judgment of Europe in estimating the comparative efficiency of the belligerent nations.

From January to September, the siege was prolonged with great loss both to besiegers and besieged; and although little doubt could exist as to the final result of the struggle, there appeared some reason to fear that the winter might overtake the invading armies before the enemy's garrison could be driven from Sebastopol. The assault on the Malakoff, however, decided the fate of the town. Future military critics will determine whether it was necessary to the success of the general operations that the English troops at one point, and the French at two others, should incur a sanguinary repulse. It is certain that the place became untenable from the time when the Malakoff was taken, and it seems to be admitted that, if the main attack had failed, none of the remaining positions could have been held by a successful assailant; yet it is possible that military considerations may have justified a simultaneous assault on several different parts of the works. The annoyance occasioned in England by the failure of that portion of the operations in which our troops were concerned, was in a great degree attributable to the one-sided publicity of the press; for while French repulses were passed over in silence, the defeat of an English detachment was rendered notorious in all parts of the world.

The minor military and naval events of the year will occupy but a small space in history. The clever marine foray in the Sea of Azoff relieved the dulness of the campaign, but the expedition to Kinburn remains, up to the present time, unintelligible. The inaction of the Baltic fleet during the last campaign created less disappointment—why, it would really be difficult to say—than in the former season; but the real result of the year's operations, whether in the North or in the East, is to be found in the comparative resources which either party has been able to bring forward. It is now certain that in 1856 the English fleet will be the strongest which has ever commanded the seas. The troops serving under our flag will amount probably to 80,000, and the French Emperor can dispose of more than twice that number. The neglect which led to the sacrifice of Kars will, we trust, not be repeated. It is in some sense a satisfaction to know that Russia has been guilty of no conspicuous mistake, and that the enemy has done his best, while we have been learning our business and preparing our resources. The grounds on which the Emperor NICHOLAS founded his hopes of ultimate success have proved to be altogether unsubstantial; for it has been ascertained by experience that England and France can act together in the field, and a free nation has shown the pertinacity and firmness which superficial observers had considered the distinguishing quality of despotic sovereigns. At all events, the war will henceforth be carried on under new leaders. Admiral DEANS DUNDAS, Sir GEORGE CATHCART, Sir GEORGE BROWN, Sir DE LACY EVANS, with many other officers who at first held high commands, have either died or retired. The loss of Lord RAGLAN deserves separate mention. In the absence of a great General, no worthier commander could have been selected for an English army; and the noble patience with which he bore the incessant attacks which aggravated all the difficulties of his position, indicates his heroic and chivalrous character. The demagogues who raved at home against the General whose place it has since proved so difficult to supply, found no echo in the army; for both officers and soldiers resented the charges of neglect which were brought against the gallant old man who did his duty simply, and who thought it possible to visit his posts without the parade of a showy suite. His successors may perhaps display higher military genius, but they can seek no better example of those high qualities which are summed up in the name of gentleman.

The negotiations of Vienna were perhaps premature, and at all events they were delusive and ill-conducted. The common sense of England revolted against the solution, by two or three ambiguous phrases, of questions which had been held to afford sufficient justification for war; and the despatch in which Lord CLARENDON overruled the timid proposal of Lord JOHN RUSSELL expressed the popular feeling, and was generally regarded by the country as a specimen of vigorous and conclusive reasoning rare in diplomacy. It was, at one time, generally expected that the year would close without any new attempt being made to accomplish a pacification; but it is satisfactory to find that Austria is uneasy in the prospect of a continued contest. Shortly before Christmas, Russian proposals were received and rejected; but the terms which have been settled by the English and French Governments are now under consideration at St. Petersburg. Since the commencement of the former Vienna negotiations, circumstances have materially altered, in nearly all respects to the disadvantage of the enemy. Sardinia has joined the Western Alliance, Sweden has made a public demonstration in favour of the common cause, and Sebastopol has been taken; and we shall be glad to find that the other advantages achieved by the Allies in the Baltic and in the Black Sea can be set off against the loss of Kars. It is not yet known whether the death of the Emperor NICHOLAS is a gain or a loss to his

country. The present Emperor may abandon, without loss of personal dignity, a policy for which he is not responsible; but some persons, on the other hand, are of opinion that a monarch yet new in his seat may not be altogether a free agent. On the whole, however, there is reason to believe that the war is the work of the Russian Government rather than of the nation.

Domestic interests have occupied a secondary place in public attention during the past twelve months. The relations of parties are felt to be temporary, inasmuch as they depend on the opinions which various statesmen form on the policy of the war. From the first, a large portion of the aristocratic and official classes have been indisposed to a course suggested by a national enthusiasm with which they only imperfectly sympathized. The people, however, has for once proved itself wiser than its leaders; and so long as public feeling remains unaltered, and Lord PALMERSTON is believed to be in earnest, his popularity may continue unshaken. There is no material difference of opinion between his Cabinet and the larger portion of those Ministers who retired with Lord ABERDEEN; but the present Government is supposed—on what grounds we know not—to be more definitely pledged against a premature peace. Public opinion, however, may err in its estimate of individuals, though in this instance there can be no mistake as to the purpose of the nation.

Trade and finance have been comparatively prosperous throughout the year. The loan of sixteen millions was effected on reasonable terms, and the war taxes have been as productive as it was reasonable to expect; and whilst the cessation of the struggle would ensure an early burst of prosperity, which will be welcome if it comes, the more probable contingency of another year of war will find our material and pecuniary resources unimpaired.

RUSSIAN MAGNANIMITY.

"I HAVE been struck this day," said Mr. PECKSNIFF on a well-known occasion, "with a walking-stick, which I have every reason to believe has knobs upon it, on that delicate and exquisite portion of the human anatomy, the brain. . . . Sir, I forgive you. I forgive you, when my injuries are fresh, and when my bosom is wrung." This sublime display of Christian charity has been emulated by "Holy Russia." The PECKSNIFF of St. Petersburg is of a forgiving disposition—at the very moment when his wounds are raw, he breathes the conciliatory language of forgiveness. He actually overflows with the milk of charity. He accepts the Third Point—and with what a genial gush of philanthropy! He breathes peace to all the world, and, far from being an obstacle to the pacification of Europe, he makes large sacrifices to attain it. The walking-stick with knobs is but the edifying instrument which calls out all his virtues. Chastisement is with him a means of both spiritual and temporal advancement. He is perfectly willing to neutralize the Black Sea. The war-flag is to float no longer on the sullen waves of the Euxine—with the exception only of such armed "naval forces as Russia and Turkey may respectively judge it necessary to maintain there by mutual agreement, the amount of those forces to be fixed by direct arrangement between Russia and Turkey, without the ostensible participation of the other powers." Observe the heroic dignity, in point of time, of this act of sacrifice on the part of Russia. As in Mr. PECKSNIFF's case, the forgiveness is most complete when, to common minds, the provocation to retaliate would seem to be most irresistible. Stunned at Sebastopol, bleeding in the Crimea, exhausted and prostrate in the Baltic, Russia can still forgive. The EMPEROR finds consolation in bearing no malice. His magnanimity rises as his fortunes fall. And the sacrifice is as complete as it is well timed. France and England have been engaged in "putting an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea." With this view, they adjusted the famous Third Point; and Russia now concedes the Third Point. Preponderance shall cease. Preponderance, as all etymology tells us, is when one of two or more parties outweighs the other or others. But there can be no preponderance where there is but a single scale; and when Russia and Turkey are left to settle their relative positions by "mutual agreement," there will soon be only one party to the balance.

So anxious is Russia that this domestic arrangement should be carried out in all its good faith and simplicity, that she will have no third party to advise and suggest. Her relations

with Turkey she desires to be of the most confidential, and even matrimonial, closeness. She will have no trustees to the marriage settlement. If she has dirty linen to wash, she will not invite all Europe to the secrets of the laundry. The small tiffs between man and wife are to be settled by "direct arrangement"—the "ostensible participation" of the friends of the family is carefully guarded against. There is to be no inconvenient STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE earwigging the lady, or lecturing the lord. The Black Sea and its concerns can be managed well enough by man and wife. Of course, if they agree, what concern is it of the neighbours? Lock the door, and let the married couple kiss or squabble as they please, without the impertinent interference of the whole street. Close the Dardanelles, and Russia and Turkey will soon agree "what naval forces they may judge it necessary to maintain on the Black Sea." The agreement we make no doubt will be mutual—the unanimity complete. MENSCHIKOFF, as he showed on the last occasion, knows how to settle a matrimonial broil. The only wonder is, that this most easy and natural solution of the difficulty never suggested itself before. But, like the discovery of the law of gravitation, as soon as it is announced it commends itself to universal assent. Its beautiful simplicity, the complete and unassailable solution which it presents of all the difficulties of the European system is its most obvious recommendation. Only let Russia and Turkey have a fair field or a fair sea to fight out, or negotiate out, their mutual difficulties, and they will soon come to an understanding—a "direct arrangement" will speedily untie the knots and meshes which diplomacy has worked round the Spider and the Fly. Give the Wolf and Lamb fair play and no favour, and they will—judging from the past—soon make an eternal peace. "The preponderance" will be effectually put an end to.

And there is another recommendation to this interpretation of the Third Point, which is decisive as to its soundness. The Russian plan does effectually "neutralize the Black Sea"—which is just what the Allies have all along contended for with such provoking pertinacity. Everybody sees that, if the Black Sea had been really neutralized long ago, all this fuss and disturbance would not have occurred. If the Allied fleets had never passed the Dardanelles, it stands to reason that the Crimea would not have been invaded, and the accident before Sebastopol would not have happened. Very reasonably, therefore, Russia provides against the recurrence of this difficulty. She is quite ready and anxious, with the Allies, that the Black Sea should be neutralized—really neutralized this time. Indeed, as the Court of St. Petersburg very properly observes, all the annoyance of the situation is to be traced to the non-neutralization of the Black Sea. Neutralization—name and thing—Russia is quite ready to grant—nay, is, not unnaturally, anxious for. There never can be a solid, sound "direct arrangement" and "mutual agreement" between Russia and Turkey, so long as Turkey, under any contingency, can open the Dardanelles to such interested parties as France and England.

What surprises us most is the magnanimity of the Czar in his interpretation of the Third Point. He has obviously foregone claims which in strict justice he might have urged. France and England being really the only obstacles to the neutralization of the Black Sea, in the Russian sense of the phrase, it might have been thought that Russia would insist on the rebuilding of Sebastopol and the reinstatement of her Euxine fleet. It is plain that, since it is necessary to the neutralization of the Black Sea for Russia to maintain a fleet in those waters, England and France, having destroyed the only material guarantee for that solid neutralization which all parties are agreed upon, are bound to furnish her with the requisite naval forces. It is so notorious that the Czar's flag floats on every ocean at this moment, that we wonder he does not claim that maritime supremacy to which his unchallenged dominion of the sea obviously entitles him. That Russia has not pushed her claims to their legitimate extent, in demanding an indemnification, is a sign of her clemency and Pecksniffian forgiveness of injuries. Her long-suffering and patience have been sorely tried; but she rises superior to the sordid temptation of making the most of her position.

Though some people are callous enough to regard the St. Petersburg proposals as an insult, we must say that Russia has some justification for proposing so soft a let-down for the Allies. Considering how resolutely the war has been prosecuted in Asia—how vigorous and substantial

were the sympathy and aid which we rendered to General WILLIAMS—how instantly forces were despatched to the relief of Kars—we are not surprised at the moderation of the Czar's overtures. He quite understands the whole case as it stands, and frames his conditions of peace accordingly. Kars has interpreted the third point; and, reasonably enough, Russia construes it according to the result of the Asiatic campaign. Her Majesty's Government at least has no reason to be surprised at the St. Petersburg interpretation of the third or any other point; and we may add that, at the present moment, we show every disposition to smooth over all difficulties for the future. A council of war is proposed in Paris; and we are actually, it is said, going to entrust the scheme of the next campaign to the experienced and grave wisdom of a Royal Duke, and to that popular and much trusted commander, Sir RICHARD AIREY. We cannot complain if Russia takes our past successes at the value which our statesmen put upon them. If we have not considered it worth a thought whether Kars was relieved or not, and if we have not cared to move a single man to avert its fall, why should not Russia reap the full benefit of the catastrophe? If England shows herself so magnanimously careless of the results of the Crimean successes as to give up the plan of the future campaign to the tried wisdom and experience of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, why should not Russia take the fall of Sebastopol at our own moderate estimate of it? If we have a noble army, but do not know how to use it, Russia is at least justified in leaving its efficiency, as we seem to do, out of the calculation. We have no right to complain if the enemy weighs us at our own value. Whether the Russian proposals were or were not intended to be serious, it is we alone who gave Russia the right to insult us by proposing them. The recent apathy of the allied Cabinets has suggested, and the fate of Kars has embodied, the St. Petersburg interpretation of the third point; and, all things considered, we are more surprised at the self-denial than at the audacity of that interpretation. The conqueror of Armenia may well feel that he can afford to be generous.

ARMY EXAMINATIONS.

CONSIDERING that the competitive examinations by which our Public Service is henceforward to be recruited, are exclusively modelled on the practice of the Universities, it seems extraordinary that the actual experience of Oxford and Cambridge has not been more frequently referred to both by the friends and foes of the new system. If this appeal had been made, time would not have been wasted in discussing some of the exceptions which were at first taken to the principle of selection by examination. It is difficult to believe that any one, with the most superficial knowledge or the most distant recollection of College-life, can have been seriously perplexed by the objection that mental cultivation, as proved by success in competition, furnishes no criterion of moral respectability. The current phraseology of undergraduates might surely have settled that matter. The popular antithesis always opposes the "rowing men" to the "reading men." Instead of drawing the line between intellectual sybaritism and virtuous indolence, the youthful academical world admits that the distinctions which separate it are of another kind, and constantly bears witness to the ancient truths that self-control is the handmaid of industry, and that idleness is the mother of mischief.

The *Quarterly Review*, in asserting that the new tests will exclude the "men of blood and muscle," expresses in a coarse form an objection which is far more worthy of attention than the one we have noticed. Whether the excessive indulgence of youths under twenty in intellectual rivalry may not be adverse to the development of that physical strength which can never be safely dispensed with in a tamer of barbarians or a commander of men, is a question fairly open to argument. We believe it will be found that, with reference to this point, the system of one of our Universities is better suited for imitation than the practice of the other. At Oxford, the candidates for honours, who satisfy a certain set of criteria, are placed in the First Class; their names, within the class, are arranged in alphabetical order. At Cambridge the highest class is formed in the same manner, but the names of the persons who compose it are placed, not alphabetically, but in order of merit. The University of Cambridge does not, therefore, simply bestow the honour of a First-class; every year it gives away two blue ribands to the Senior Wrangler and Senior Classic, and confers, besides,

a variety of minor distinctions consisting in greater or less proximity to the highest grade. The efficacy of the Cambridge system in stimulating the acquisition of knowledge is prodigious. During a series of twenty years, science after science was added to the mathematical curriculum, and the range of reading for classical honours was more and more widely extended; yet still the marks obtained by the highest candidates increased, rather than diminished, in aggregate amount. Quite recently, the University itself took fright at the results of the unrestrained competition which it had encouraged, and fixed an authoritative limit to the field of its studies. We are ourselves of opinion that a change of system would have been even better than a limitation of the course. The true theory of University education regards it as preparatory and preliminary; and, on the whole, though numerous exceptions might be cited to so general a proposition, we are disposed to lay down that *decorés* of Oxford are less apt to pay for premature exertion in impaired health or overwrought sensibility, and better fitted for ulterior activity in after life, than the winners of Cambridge distinctions. Singularly enough, however, the conductors of the Indian Civil Service and the Artillery examinations have been permitted by Government to copy the Cambridge model, under circumstances where its defects, if real, will be fraught with peril to the country. Not fully acquainted, in all probability, with the power of the instrument they are employing, they have been suffered to publish the names of the successful candidates in order of merit. If the flower of the youth of England be thus summoned year after year to contend, not simply for a place in the list of successes, but for the first place in the list, we have not a doubt that in a few years the Boards of Control and Ordnance will be able to report that a succession of precocious geniuses are all but exhausting the entire array of marks allotted to their examinations. If so, we are sure that the candidates thus acquitting themselves will be as remarkable for courage, self-devotion, and docility as for intellectual cultivation, but we are afraid that they will be the last men whom a wise or humane Executive would send out to organize land-rental in Pegu, or to direct trench-work in a Crimean winter.

On the whole, we believe that these competitive examinations, if very carefully watched and regulated—and conducted, we are compelled to add, by persons of more judgment than several of those who presided over them last autumn—may be the means of calling out for the service of the Government a succession of youths, in whom the highest parts will be associated with adequate physical vigour. Whether, however, they should be extended to other prizes than those now placed within the reach of the public, is a question not easily answered. The proposal to supply the whole army with officers by general competition, ought certainly not to be adopted on the assumption that it bears a strict analogy to the plan now in operation for recruiting the Indian Civil Service. No doubt, as long as the war continues, a military career will be coveted by young men of spirit and cleverness, and a commission will be a prize scarcely inferior to an Indian writership. But warfare cannot be the normal state of the country, and, let our army be reformed as we please, the position of a regimental officer will always, in peace, be one which offers little to adventurousness, and even less to ambition. It must be remembered that commissions now bear an artificial value, on account of the prejudice, well or ill founded, which associates an "officer" and a "gentleman." Sever this association—let a commission assume its natural place in the market of liberal employments—and we are sure that no man of more than moderate prospects and powers will care to compete in time of peace for so trifling a reward. Here, then, the experience of the Universities is instructive. Every one who knows anything about the matter will admit that the examination system, as there practised, though quite successful in so far as it induces the highest talent to prove and essay itself, is not at all useful in the influence which it exerts upon mediocrity. The man of middling abilities, who struggles under the competitive system into a middling place is always deteriorated by the effort. We are not, of course, implying that everybody who takes a second class position at our Universities is thereby stamped with inferiority; ill-health, indolence, want of preparation, diversity of interest, constantly make first-rate men fall short of the highest rank, or abstain from aiming at it; but we do say that the class which at once limits its ambition to moderate success, and achieves it, is the bane of the Universities. However respectable may be the career of such persons

in one point of view, it is incontestable that they have less capability of ulterior improvement than the merely idle and reckless, and we believe that half the obstructiveness attributed to Oxford or Cambridge may be laid at their door. There is great danger, it appears to us, that this is exactly the order of mind which will aspire, in peace, to a commission in a marching-regiment. If these are to be the officers who are not required to be gentlemen, we are perfectly convinced that the sucking ensign of the existing system—though, at first, he may be intellectually in a state of nature, and though he spell “*baptism*” with an unauthorized “*v*”—has in him the making of a better soldier, and possibly, of a greater general.

Our strong impression is, that competition should be confined to those prizes which have attractions for men of the highest powers. We have not the least belief that, if so limited, it would exclude the aristocracy from the rewards which it would exclusively confer. Men of aristocratic birth and connexion would obtain their fair share of the prizes, as they do at the University; and even if they did not, it is no more likely that they would desert the army than that, under similar circumstances, they would desert Oxford and Cambridge. Let us add that, if the interests of the country do require changes which will practically shut them out from military commands, we are quite ready to allow that their exclusion will be a heavy set-off against the public gain. So long as it is not proposed to deprive them of their wealth, and of the social influence which wealth gives, it is impossible not to regret that they should be deprived of opportunities for activity and occasions of self-devotion. A well-known correspondent of the *Times* jests, indeed, at a member of the obnoxious order, who menaced him with the consequences of condemning an aristocracy to sloth; and he tells a lively story of an Eton boy who proposed to an heiress, and threatened her that he would take to bad courses if she refused him. JACOB OMNIUM is misled, or attempts to mislead us, by a false analogy between an individual and a class. It is very foolish in an individual, who is answerable for his own actions, to say that he will disgrace himself if he is not given what he has no right to ask. But a man is not at all ridiculous for saying that his own order, for which he is not responsible, will degenerate if deprived of advantages which it has been accustomed to enjoy. A correspondent of the *Times* would be guilty of some little absurdity who should promise that, until he were made Prime Minister, he would attack every Ministry and every system of administration. But a writer in *The Saturday Review* ought not to be laughed at if he even went the length of suggesting that, until a journalist is made Premier, no Government will ever meet with tolerable treatment from the Press; and, indeed, we are half disposed to think this the great truth of our day.

JOURNALISM v. HISTORY.

WHETHER we have reaped, in the last two campaigns in the Baltic, all the advantages which might have been fairly expected from the introduction of steam into naval warfare, is a fair subject for discussion. It is a matter on which no civilian who is not either very ignorant, very presumptuous, or very malicious would venture a positive judgment—least of all is it one on which any man who respects himself or his country would found a sweeping charge against the honour of a profession which is in an especial manner the glory and pride of England. Self-respect requires that any man, and especially a public writer, should speak with caution on subjects which, after the most industrious investigation, he can but very imperfectly understand. Common decency requires that brave and gallant men should not be held up to their fellow-countrymen as dolts and poltroons, on the authority of statements which are notoriously baseless; and it is absolutely scandalous that the facts of contemporaneous and past history should be successively falsified for the purpose of proving, one day, that our soldiers are all sots, and the next, that our sailors are all cowards.

We confess we have a prejudice in favour of the “flag that has braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze;” and we do not feel inclined to be written out of it by a journalist who has no better foundation for his unpatriotic theory than such reasonings as we were treated to last Wednesday and Friday. The *Times* has dismissed Admiral DUNDAS from the command of the Baltic fleet, though we are not yet informed whether the Government has

ratified the *fiat*. The dismissal of the gallant Admiral is communicated to him in the following graceful sentence:—“We learn with satisfaction that Admiral DUNDAS has been ordered to haul down his flag.” Our satisfaction, we own, must depend on our means of knowing whether or not, with the materials at his disposal, Admiral DUNDAS has fallen short of what a brave and wise commander might have accomplished. Such means of information we do not pretend to possess; but if presumptions are to be relied on, we should certainly be disposed to assume that an English sailor has not been wanting either in enterprise or courage. Above all things, we should be ashamed of founding a coarse charge of cowardice against the whole naval profession, upon a comparison which belies all the facts of history and the dictates of common sense. The mixture of malignity and ignorance in the article to which we have referred, is a very fair example of the manner in which the “special writer” dishes up “interesting” calumny, hot and hot, for the British public. It is not enough to tell us (what we already knew) that the allied fleets have not accomplished much in the Baltic. To make the topic “interesting,” it is necessary to show that it would have been the easiest thing in the world to do a great deal more. In order to render this perfectly clear, we are informed that, “in the late war, the ships of England went everywhere, and did everything. ‘Wherever wood can swim,’ said NAPOLEON, ‘there is sure to be found an English cruiser.’ With incredible daring and success, with only the uncertain winds and treacherous waves to rely on, *they entered every harbour and scrutinized every coast; and, provided they could get in, never troubled themselves with the superfluous consideration how they were to get out again.* Feats which NELSON, with his lumbering men-of-war, would at least have attempted, our modern admirals shrink from contemplating.”

It would, we think, be no easy matter to parallel the absurd misstatements contained in this passage. It is impossible to give a man who can write English credit for being so wholly ignorant of the history of our great naval hero as not to know the utter groundlessness of the assertion that NELSON “entered every harbour, without troubling himself with the superfluous consideration how he was to get out again.” Whether, by the aid of steam, Admiral DUNDAS could or could not have made a successful attack on Cronstadt or Helsingfors, is a question which we do not here stop to discuss; but when we are told that NELSON, with his lumbering ships, would have achieved the exploit at once, without troubling himself about the means of retreat, let us see how the fact stands. For ten years, NELSON victoriously wielded the naval might of England against the French and the Spaniards. During all that time, great fleets were equipped by NAPOLEON, whose object was, at one period, the conquest of India, at another, the invasion of England. It was of the first importance that the enemies’ armaments should be destroyed, and above all, that they should not have the opportunity of effecting a junction; and our contemporary actually believes that NELSON, who “went everywhere and did everything,” sailed into Boulogne, Brest, Toulon and Cadiz, and every other harbour, and quietly brought the French ships out, and towed them to Spithead. Yet we suppose there is not a schoolboy who has not read SOUTHEY’S *Life of Nelson*, and who does not know that NELSON spent the greatest part of his splendid career in blockading the enemy’s ports, and waiting till their fleets came out, and that, during the whole of his life, *he never entered a French or Spanish harbour*. Who does not remember the memorable blockade of Toulon, when our illustrious Admiral’s soul and body were worn out by the anxiety of that vigilant watch, kept up without cessation for more than two years? Yet he was not charged with cowardice for not sailing into Toulon “without troubling himself with the superfluous consideration how he was to get out again;” and SOUTHEY tells us that, “*when he had been fourteen months off Toulon* he received a vote of thanks from the City of London for his skill and perseverance in blockading that port so as to prevent the French from putting to sea.” Yet even the vigilance of NELSON was eluded—the French fleet escaped from Toulon, and effected a junction with the Spaniards at Cadiz. Then followed the memorable chase to the West Indies, concluding with the fight of Trafalgar. But all this anxiety and trouble might have been saved, if, according to the tactics of “Leading Journalism,” NELSON had only sailed into Toulon two years before, and pulled

VILLENEUVE by the nose, and then put into Cadiz and dragged the Spanish Admiral out by the ears.

So far from NELSON having entered every harbour without troubling himself with the superfluous consideration how he was to get out again, in the course of his whole career he only engaged in attacks on land fortifications upon three occasions. Santa Cruz is one of the few places which can boast the possession of a Union Jack, won in fair fight. There NELSON attacked, not a regularly fortified harbour, but an open roadstead, covered by a few batteries; and every one knows the disastrous result. His second attempt of this kind was upon Boulogne, where a great flotilla was assembled within sight of our own shores. At Boulogne, there are no regular fortifications; yet the attack was not the less a complete failure. On this attempt SOUTHEY says that NELSON's "resolution was made in deference to the opinions of others, and to the public feeling which was so preposterously excited"—from which we gather that, in those days too, there must have been journalists who twitted the hero of the Nile with his timidity in not entering any harbour. The single instance, in fact, during NELSON's life, of a successful attack on a land fortress is that of Copenhagen; but all the world knows how nearly that fortunate victory had ended in a terrible disaster, and the only lesson which any naval man has ever drawn from it has been, never, under similar circumstances, to make a like attempt. That this was the result of NELSON's own experience is evident, for he never afterwards attacked a fleet lying under the cover of a land battery. He blockaded Boulogne, Brest, Toulon, and Cadiz, which, in comparison with Cronstadt and Helsingfors, seem almost unprotected places, but he never dreamt of entering, or even assailing, one of those harbours.

After the death of his great chief, COLLINGWOOD took the command of the Mediterranean fleet. Every one has read how that gallant spirit sank beneath the fatigue and anxiety of the blockade of Toulon, sustained, summer and winter, for many a long year. The smart writers of the day would no doubt have twitted him with having died of idleness in his hammock. Why did not COLLINGWOOD enter the harbour of Toulon, without troubling himself with the superfluous consideration how he was to get out again? Simply because COLLINGWOOD, like NELSON, was no melodramatic swaggerer, but a great commander, who did, above all things, trouble himself with considerations which the heroes of modern journalism think proper to stigmatize as superfluous. Nothing is more untrue than the notion that great geniuses like these were roysing fire-eaters. When Captain BERRY, before the battle of the Nile, said to NELSON, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" the Admiral's reply was—"That we shall succeed is certain—who may live to tell the story, is a very different question." Neither at the Nile nor at Trafalgar was the victory won by bull-dog fighting. Success was assured from the first by the disposition which the genius of the commander had conceived. Like NAPOLEON, NELSON always brought an overwhelming force to bear upon the weak point of his adversary, and from the moment the engagement began, the result was certain. Such were the tactics of the double column of Trafalgar, and of the doubling on the French line at the Nile. Except at Copenhagen, NELSON never hazarded a defeat; and NAPOLEON would certainly have formed a very different estimate of the British cruisers if our Admirals had sent them, not only wherever wood could swim, but also where wood must inevitably sink.

We call attention to these facts, which every schoolboy knows, in order that the public may understand the manner in which "Leading Journalism" sets its "smart writers" to work on the formation of "public opinion." An interesting article is to be served up on the operations in the Baltic; and for this purpose, a little bit of history is to be fabricated, to supply an odious comparison which may exhibit in a glaring light the deterioration of the British sailor. NELSON, who never entered a single harbour of the enemy, is represented as a sort of terrier, going into every hole he could find, in the hope of drawing a French badger; and Admiral DUNDAS is described as a disgrace to the service for not having accomplished what it is notorious that NELSON never attempted. In order to make out a living admiral a coward, a dead hero is converted into a braggart. Whether it be possible or not to destroy Cronstadt, is a question yet to be determined, but it is certain that neither NELSON nor COLLINGWOOD ever ventured on any attempt of the kind. Such are the arts by which "Leading Journalism" lives and flourishes. It trades on the ignorance and the careless-

ness of mankind. Of the thousands of readers who glance through its calumnies, many do not know the most indisputable facts, and a still larger number never think of them—they blindly swallow the epigrammatic detraction whose force lies only in its falsity. Thus are popular prejudices excited by the clumsiest misrepresentations, and the reputation of gallant men besmirched by misrepresentations which want even the semblance of probability.

PRUSSIA AND THE ALLIES.

OFFICIAL journals may be useful, and independent journals are intelligible; but semi-official journals are productive of many inconvenient results. In the course of the present week, a newspaper article has attracted considerable attention because, from its contents, its type, and its position, it was supposed to be a manifesto from some influential personage at home or abroad; and it must be admitted that the announcement of a Declaration of War, to be issued, on the occurrence of certain probable contingencies, against a great European Power, undoubtedly deserves a prominent place in the columns where it first appears. As, however, neither of the Allied Governments has publicly sanctioned the menace of hostilities to Prussia, the policy of the course which has been recommended by the journal referred to may still be considered open to criticism. If the announcement should prove to be a hoax, little harm will have been done in England; but Continental politicians have no means of measuring the comparative importance which is to be attached to the various productions of anonymous diplomacy. A blustering article in a newspaper has often caused grave offence both in Europe and in America; and in the present instance, Germans may not unnaturally resent the threat of forcing them to adopt even that line of conduct which the sounder part of the nation approves.

The Emperor NAPOLEON took occasion, a few days ago, to address the Imperial Guard in one of those skilful harangues which prove how fully the nephew has inherited the uncle's knowledge of human nature as it is exhibited in Frenchmen and in soldiers. The regiments which have returned from the Crimea were eloquently exhorted to cultivate at home those military virtues which may procure them fresh triumphs in some future campaign. France, they were told, is able to maintain, out of her army of 600,000 men, a large reserve ready to march in any direction where policy or honour may require its presence. The guardsmen listened and applauded, and went home to dream of future victories, and of the traditional glories which belong to them, as a street poet informs them, in their collective impersonation as *la fille de la grande armée*. It seems not improbable that the services of the French Guard may, in the ensuing campaign, be required in the North of Europe; but the EMPEROR assuredly never alluded to the Rhine, nor was it necessary to suppose that his words referred to any special expedition. An English journal, however, which is said to be more than ordinarily attached to the interests of the French alliance, has volunteered an application of the Imperial language to Prussia. The Court of Berlin, it is said, can no longer be allowed to be neutral. If the Austrian overtures fail of success at St. Petersburg, all Europe must join in compelling a peace. FREDERICK WILLIAM will be definitively asked to adhere to the cause of the Allies; and, in the event of his refusal, the Emperor NAPOLEON's address to his Guard will be found to contain a significant warning. The menace thus held out by the Ministerial organ may be popular with unthinking politicians; but it is highly desirable that sober Englishmen, and especially the earnest supporters of the war, should reflect on the policy which is propounded to them as the resolution of the Allied Governments. The project of forcing an independent State into a treaty of offensive alliance is certainly new and startling. Since the time of the first NAPOLEON, it has never been held that any of the Great Powers were liable to furnish contingents to the wars which others of their number might undertake; and although, in sound policy, Prussia ought to have thrown her weight into the scale of peace by resenting the outrage which NICHOLAS committed in the invasion of the Principalities, it is no part of the law of nations that Governments should uniformly act as wisdom would dictate. The King of PRUSSIA has thought fit to maintain a neutrality which is inconvenient to those who desire his support, and distasteful to a large part of his own subjects; but it is

impossible to deny his strict right to abstain from any share in the contest. The sympathies of the Court of Berlin with the enemy cannot furnish any cause of war, so long as England and France have no overt acts to complain of. If Prussia violates the principles of neutrality, redress should be sought for the wrong, but we are not entitled to resent the exercise of a discretion which is necessarily vested in the rulers of every independent State.

It is true that the transit by land diminishes the pressure of the naval blockade on the Baltic trade of Russia; but here also, Prussia exercises a right which essentially belongs to neutrals. If the highway is stopped up, the traffic will go by the by-road, to the increase probably of any tolls which may be levied on a lane at other times unfrequented. The expansion of the trade of Russia with the States on her frontier must have been foreseen as an inevitable consequence of any war in which Germany should refuse to join. Before the blockade of the Black Sea was formed, all English, French, and Russian ships were restrained from conveying the commerce of Odessa, and the traffic naturally fell into the hands of carriers unaffected by the restrictions of war; but it was never proposed to raise a quarrel with Greece, or with Austria, because their subjects exercised the rights of neutrals. The new law of nations which it is proposed to establish might perhaps be beneficial to England, but France has, for several generations, professed a special regard for those neutral privileges which were formerly described, in an inaccurate phrase, as the freedom of the seas; and if it is justifiable to make war on a neutral who trades with the enemy by land, it cannot be wrong to stop a neutral merchant ship at sea.

Were it possible to suppose that the menace of the English journalist indicated the intentions of the Allies, its effect, both at home and abroad, would be in many ways disastrous. The King of Prussia must himself be conscious that a course directed by family sympathies is little calculated to secure the respect of statesmen; and his attachment to Russia adds bitterness to the well-founded antipathy with which Germany regards her natural enemy and oppressor. Even to the Power which he favours, FREDERICK WILLIAM'S policy has been injurious; for his adhesion to the common cause would have saved the CZAR from the innumerable losses and humiliations which have been occasioned by the war. The real sympathies of Prussia are with the Western Governments, notwithstanding the perversity or the false sensibility of the Court of Berlin; but a demand on the part of England and France, that she should join the Alliance under compulsion, would cause an immediate revulsion of German feeling. The KING would at once secure the justification which his policy has hitherto wanted, and Russia would become the natural ally of a State unjustly attacked from the West. The knight in the story, who was fighting in an unjust cause, turned his rein and fled, till his adversary called him a coward; but then he returned to the ground, declaring that he was no coward, and that, in that quarrel, he would fight to the death. It will not be prudent to furnish Prussia with a still more reasonable pretext for casting her weight into the scale of Russia.

Nor would the course proposed be more politic in reference to our own country. Those who think that we are fighting from any love of war have wholly mistaken the English character. It is because the Peace party have failed to shake the proofs which vindicated the justice of the quarrel, that their efforts have been wholly powerless; but the nation will give neither money nor men to maintain a war in defiance of natural right and public law. Our interests are wholly in accordance with the dictates of justice. Germany, with all its shortcomings, is the natural ally of England; and Northern Germany, especially, is united to our own country by innumerable sympathies of manners, of literature, and of religion. It is difficult to believe that any British Minister could propose to encourage France in efforts to conquer the Rhine. Circumstances may be imagined in which a war with Prussia might become unavoidable; but it is difficult to conceive any advantage which it could secure to England. It is to be hoped that no exaggerated projects may be put forward to disturb the unanimity with which the great majority of the nation is engaged in the prosecution of the war. The strength of a machine is determined by that of its weakest part; and a quarrel which is in any respect unjust and oppressive will be judged by mankind, not with reference to its most advantageous grounds, but by the points at which it violates the maxims of equity and sound policy.

EFFECTS OF THE WAR ON TRADE.

SHOULD the war be prolonged for any considerable time, its probable issue may be more safely inferred from its influence on trade than even from the achievements of armies in the field. A brilliant campaign may be decisive in a short struggle; but when the great nations of the earth put forth all their strength, the final victory must be with the combatant who can longest bear the drain on his resources. We trust that the present struggle may not be protracted until one party or the other sinks from utter exhaustion; but if the obstinacy of the CZAR pushes matters to this extremity, there is good reason to believe that England will not be the first to succumb. There is little definite information to be obtained as to the effect produced by the war on the resources of Russia. We know, however, that her maritime commerce is utterly annihilated, and that the conscription must have enormously reduced her productive power. Some reliable accounts, which have leaked out from the interior of the Empire, speak of an amount of distress which even surpasses what general considerations would lead us to expect; and notwithstanding the glowing picture of prosperity painted by Yankee visitors who have enjoyed the Imperial hospitality, and who see a positive gain to Russia in the destruction of Sweaborg, there can be no doubt that the suffering which is so carefully concealed must be extremely severe.

With respect to our own prosperity, there is happily no mystery, and the Emperor of Russia may study as freely as ourselves the Returns which show how little injury British commerce is likely to sustain from the war. The tables published by the Board of Trade have been brought down to a period sufficient to enable us to estimate the effects of hostilities on the commerce of the past year. The total exports of the produce and manufactures of the United Kingdom, for eleven months of the last year, as compared with an equal period of 1854, show a small decrease in the declared value—being in the ratio of 88,531,865*l.* to 89,738,586*l.* The greatest diminution is in woollen manufactures, while the declared value of the exports of cotton goods has increased by nearly 2,000,000*l.* But the quantities exported have not fallen off in the same proportion as the value, and, setting one staple against another, our exports are nearly if not quite, as large as in the previous year. In the earlier months of 1855, a considerable falling off was observable, but this was occasioned by causes independent of the war—the condition of the American and Australian trades being the chief sources of the diminution. The latter half of the year has shown, however, a renewed activity, which continues to the present time. In the imports, the most noticeable fact is that the quantity of grain drawn from abroad is less by about 1,700,000 quarters than in the previous year. Nor is this the full measure of the relief afforded to our resources by the bountiful harvest of 1854, for much of the produce of that year must have gone to make up the deficiency which then existed in the stocks on hand. There has been a great falling off in the imports of sugar, without any corresponding variation in the home consumption. The explanation of this is to be found in the unremunerative prices of the last few years, and the consequent decrease of production. The growing demand of foreign countries has also had considerable influence, and the result has been to raise the price to a point which is certain to stimulate the planters to extend their operations. Tea shows a sensible decline from the vast amount to which it had risen in 1854, but the consumption has increased while the imports have fallen. The quantity of timber imported is also much less than in 1854. From some source or other, we have obtained an increased supply of tallow, hides, and oil; and the fear that a Russian war would make candles an almost unattainable luxury has not been justified by the event. We have taken somewhat less of the raw materials of the textile manufactures than in the previous year. Wool, silk, and cotton, all showing some diminution. Hemp, like several other Russian products, has come in larger quantities than before.

Taken altogether, the imports show a decrease of no very important amount. How much of this is attributable to the war is not very easy to determine, but the fluctuation is extremely small when compared with those which have often resulted from purely commercial causes. The returns indicate a steady but cautious trade, such as is always to be desired at a time when the loan market has suffered so much disturbance as has been the case during the past year. The prudence of the commercial world has averted what, at one time, threatened to become a formi-

dable crisis; and though the pressure has been considerable and lasting, there has been no panic, nor more than an ordinary proportion of commercial failures. Credit has maintained itself in spite of adverse operations in the money market, and though trade is less buoyant than in some former years, it appears to be thoroughly sound, and in good case to bear the demands which the war, if it continues, must make upon our resources. The present condition of the country is, when all circumstances are considered, very satisfactory; and so far as can be judged from the experience of the past twelve months, we may go on with the struggle for an almost indefinite time, before it will begin seriously to impair our strength, or to tell upon our means of offence.

While commerce flourishes, we are safe, and, as yet, its symptoms are those of perfect health. The facts are open to the world, and our enemies have the same opportunity as ourselves of feeling the pulse of our trade, and of forming their own opinion as to the time which it will require to weary out an adversary in so sound a condition. If war must go on, we could not well be in a better plight to bear the exertions it will require. At the same time, the revelations of the Board of Trade afford the strongest argument for peace that could be addressed to the Emperor of RUSSIA. He would do wisely to ponder them in time. We cannot, indeed, indulge in very sanguine hopes of so desirable a consummation; but, be the issue of the pending negotiations what it may, it is assuring to know that our means are not less while our military preparations are vastly greater, than on the day when war was declared. Can Russia say as much?

THE ARCHITECTURAL DIPLOMA.

THE Architectural Association, representing the younger portion of the profession, has initiated—and the Institute of British Architects, which includes the magnates, has amicably followed up—the discussion of a question analogous to that which is now occupying the lawyers; namely, the propriety of requiring a degree—or, as it is termed in this case, a diploma—as the qualification for architectural practice. The matter has been canvassed at the Institute, and although opinions diverged, as was natural enough, the general result was approbation of the proposal.

Into the details of the question we do not at present wish to enter—we shall probably hereafter have an opportunity of considering it at length. It is enough that public attention has been called to a matter which will more clearly prove itself, the more it is tested, to be a necessity of the age. Architecture is an art, and its practice accordingly demands gentlemen and scholars—scholars in all that belongs to the scholarship of building. This truth the last generation of patrons did not realize, and architects had, with very few exceptions, neither the wish nor the means to disabuse the patrons. In fact, they were too deep-dyed in complicity with the trade of building, to allow of their prudently stirring the question on behalf of the dignity of their profession.

We had occasion, a few weeks ago, to show how this bad spirit acted and reacted on the system on which public works were executed. But the case of public works only embodied and represented a vicious state of things pervading the wide field of private and provincial employment. The architect was pulled down, and allowed himself to drop to the level of his own subordinates. His creations depended upon all sorts of mechanical employments to give them material existence; and so he was dealt with as a kind of head tradesman. That such an estimate of his position was utterly debased and untrue, we do not pause to prove; nor do we mean to limit our charge of untruth to the ornamental elements of architectural creation. The useful—the *savoir vivre*—the promotion of health, warmth, domestic economy, comfort, &c., which belong to the business of the architect, are surely the achievements of an artist, in the same way as the solution of analogous problems in another sphere, places the votaries of medicine in the first class of liberal professions.

Of course, with so limited an appreciation of its significance, the name and profession of architect was not safe from falling into the hands of quacks. The builder who found his impudence in excess of his capital not unfrequently tried to increase the latter by drafts upon the former, and dubbed himself architect. The gentleman who got up water-colour drawings of other men's buildings for exhibition and competition was aggrieved if not permitted to employ the same vocabulary. The persons who provided taste for their more intellectually stolid, but more financially solid, brethren were architects. The men who bought that taste were architects also. The baffled employer, when he called in a strange professional man to build his house, was never quite certain whether he was not dealing with the surveyor who looked for his designs to the "talented young gentleman in his office," or with the "talented" middle-aged man who could not move a step without the friendly protection of the surveyor, or the expensive tutelage of the contractor whose estimates he affected to control.

All this chaotic condition of matters it is now proposed to remedy by dealing with architecture as other liberal professions are or ought to be treated—viz., by requiring some species of graduation—involving of course some sort of college, or at least of examining-board (the nucleus of which exists in the Institute)—before the youth can legally put "architect" upon his card and his door-plate. The common sense of the question, lies in a nutshell. The thing wanted is, that architects should learn for themselves, and should make the public feel, that an architect is an architect, a surveyor a surveyor, and a builder a builder. Each of these professions, in its system, its scope, and in its responsibilities to the public and to employers, differs to an extent not to be measured by their common identity of material object; and to confound them would be about as rational as to amalgamate the offices of judge and attorney—of police magistrate and divisional superintendent.

That architects are beginning to feel this for themselves is shown by the agitation for the diploma having commenced in the profession, and not with the outside public. They have perceived that it is due to their profession to make good their artistic standing; and as to the general public, the time has passed when any individual could behave as a lord of high degree is said to have done within the memory of man to an architect of distinction. The latter was called in to superintend some alterations in his client's country house. Nothing could be more condescending than his reception. Dinner-time arrived, and the peer and peeress, *tête-à-tête* in the drawing-room, were discussing how most civilly to dispose of the new inmate. Should he be despatched to the steward's room? or would it not be felt as an attention to send up the solitary tray into his own apartment? Opinions differed; and meanwhile the door opened, and, in full evening dress, walked in the unconscious architect.

Still, there is danger to the healthy profession of architecture from the opposite side. Architects, in throwing off an undue connexion with the mere builders' craft, are too much tempted to run into a contrary extreme, against which, in the interest of the patron—that is, of the public—the profession, not less than the public itself, is bound to guard; and in obviating the evil referred to, would lie one half of the advantages proposed by the diploma. The danger is now frequently that the architect may consider himself responsible only for the taste of his plans—that he may think his work done when he has furnished designs infinitely grand or infinitely picturesque, and trust to luck, to his office, or the surveyor to hitch such base and vulgar things as backstairs, housemaids'-closets, and footmen's bedrooms into the building whose function is to rival the Pitti Palace or to recall the Hotel de Cluny. Poor and petty as these things are to a Michael Angelo, yet, unless they are duly provided for, the most beautiful elevation in the world is only a magnificent imposture. The true architectural artist is he whose arrangements, commodious as well as stately, grow externally into forms of majesty and beauty, which seem as much the shape in which the best internal plan must cast itself as, taken by themselves, they bear their own stamp of dignity and grace.

Indeed we are inclined to think that the ordinary diploma examination should chiefly, although not exclusively, deal with practical questions. Have, if you like, a distinct "honour" examination; but let the "pass" be mainly to test the practical proficiency of the young architect's education, and leave his sinking or swimming, according to his deficiency or superabundance of taste, to the sense or the nonsense of the paymaster public, which will always in the long run encourage solid reputations, while, preach as we may, it will too often lavish its honours and its support upon a fluctuating bevy of flashy impostors.

In the regulation, moreover, of its honour examination, the College or Board of Architects, however constituted, must, above all things, beware of imposing penal tests, and treating a divergent taste as an offence. Its object must be to elicit, to publish, and to reward the best talent which each school has educated for its own purposes, and not to force the man, still less the school, to sacrifice personal predilections to official blandishments. Once on the honour list, the prizeman must be left for his own success to that of the school which he has chosen. It is a fact patent to every mason's journeyman in the land, that there are now two strong parties face to face in the architectural world, the Classical and the Gothic. They have their representatives everywhere, not least in the Institute. Mr. A., as every one knows, stands up like a man for the classical style, while Mr. B. is equally decided in his preference for mediæval art. It would then be a great and crying injustice to compel Mr. B.'s pupils to ask their award of proficiency at Mr. A.'s hands, and it would be equally unjust to force those of the latter to submit to the former's adjudication. We do not enter upon the question of the comparative excellence of the two schools. That is beside the mark we are aiming at—fair play to all in the Corporation of Architects, and scope to each to make good its own position by its own deserts. A lesson of how little is gained by the contrary process was afforded in France some ten years since. At that time, the new Gothic school had begun to excite attention by its boldness. The Academy, grave and reverend signiors, saw with dismay what it considered the falling off of some of the best new blood in France. In its eyes, the cathedrals of Chartres and Cologne were already enthroned upon the Acropolis and the Vatican. Accordingly, a stern magniloquent protest, a crushing bull against the sectaries was launched forth, with all

the conjoined weight of the Academy in general, and of Raoul Rochette in particular, whose signature it bore. Did the rebels fall on their knees, and beg their life? Just the reverse. They simply laughed, and Viollet Le Duc, then a very young man, upset the veteran athlete by a spirited rejoinder. And from that day they have gone on winning success after success, until at last Michelet, who backed them as long as it was the piquant thing to do so, has turned right round, and lent the aid of his keen pen to the old dynasty. As a question of art, the Academy may have been as right as Viollet Le Duc and his friends were wrong; but whether or not, the latter took the true course, and their antagonists only lost credit by the blunder of issuing edicts which they had not the means of serving upon the delinquents.

To conclude, then, we thank the Architectural Association and the Institute of British Architects for bringing forward a question so important, both practically and artistically. We trust that they will steadily pursue the subject; it is the expression of a real and a general want which is making itself felt in many quarters. We only urge upon the Institute not to be premature in bringing forward a completed scheme. It has the copyright of its own suggestions, and need not fear any other body appropriating them. And we likewise counsel that body, in framing its plan, to hold to the practical and the solid, and to deal with taste in the broad spirit of genial impartiality—to be not an Imperial Council of State, but a constitutional Parliament.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

IN an age when hardly a week passes without our achieving some new success in our attempts to bring nature under our control—when discoveries which, in the earlier history of the world, required centuries to develop, are brought to perfection in a few years—there are not many things which offer so striking an illustration of our progress as Photography. It appeals to us not only as an *art*, in the strictest sense of the word, but also as a *science*; for its invention was the result of a scientific investigation of natural laws, and a knowledge of science is absolutely essential to its development and improvement, and even to its successful prosecution. In asserting its claims to be regarded as an *art*, we have only to point to the numerous works, familiar to most of us, in which one is at a loss whether to admire most the skill with which the natural laws discovered by research have been applied, or the pictorial effects which artistic taste has produced. Our painters have already learnt something from Photography, and no doubt there is much valuable knowledge still in store for those who seek it in a right spirit.

This art and science, which has apparently sprung into existence within the last few years, and which is still quite in its infancy, is based upon a simple fact in Chemistry, known even to the alchemists of the 17th century. They had noticed that light had the effect of producing a change in certain substances—that is, that it caused their decomposition. They had even observed this to be the case with chloride of silver (called by them, when fused, *Horn silver*), one of the compounds most commonly used in photography at the present time. Again, in 1777, Scheele called the attention of the scientific world to this fact, and pointed out that the solar rays, when separated by the prism, do not exercise the same decomposing influence on the silver compound—a truth of the greatest importance in photography. But it was not until the commencement of the present century that any attempt was made to apply these discoveries to the purposes of art. Wedgwood and Davy exposed to the light paper and leather prepared with chloride of silver, laying over it another piece of paper cut into a pattern, a picture that was sufficiently transparent, or a leaf of a plant. That portion of the chloride of silver which was not screened by the opaque parts of the object placed above it, decomposed and blackened, while the other part remained white—thus reproducing the dark parts of the object as white on a dark ground.

This process is, in fact, that which is now called *printing*, and is the means by which an unlimited number of copies on paper of a photograph picture can be produced. But here an obstacle arose, which rendered its application to any useful purpose impossible. It was necessary to keep the image thus formed secluded from the light, for, on the removal of the object, those parts that had previously been shielded by it became black, and the image vanished. The problem, then, to be solved was, to obtain a substance capable of removing the undecomposed chloride, and till this was done, no advance in photography could be made. Some attempts were made to accomplish this, but not with any great success until Sir John Herschel made known the fact that chloride and the analogous compounds of silver were readily soluble in the alkaline hyposulphites; the black substance, the result of their decomposition, being very slowly acted upon by the latter. This was immediately taken advantage of, and it was found that by soaking the paper after the image had been impressed upon it by the light, in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, and afterwards thoroughly washing it, the undecomposed chloride was removed, and the paper could be freely exposed to the light without any fear of the design disappearing. But this step, important as it was, advanced the art very little, so far as regards the production of the picture of an object by means of the *light reflected from its surface*. It was found that paper covered with chloride of silver possessed too little

sensitiveness to make it available for the camera, the necessarily feeble light of which, as compared with full daylight, was found insufficient to impress upon it an image, even after long exposure.

In investigating the subject of the decomposing influence of light upon the combination of silver with chlorine, attention was naturally attracted to the silver compounds of the analogous substances, iodine, bromine, and fluorine; and most important results were obtained from their use. In 1839, Daguerre, who had for some years been pursuing this subject with M. Nièper, astonished the world with the announcement that he had discovered a means of producing pictures of objects by means of the light reflected from their surfaces. Until then, although photography had engaged the attention of many scientific men and had made no little progress, to the public at large it was quite unknown; and people could hardly credit the report that a gentleman in Paris had discovered a method of obtaining views and portraits by merely exposing a prepared surface to the light reflected from them—in fact producing pictures wonderfully accurate and minute in detail, without the aid of brush or pencil. Daguerre had availed himself of one of the substances above mentioned—namely, iodine (with which he subsequently combined bromine)—to produce with silver a sensitive surface capable of being rapidly decomposed by the light of the camera. He exposed silvered copperplates to the vapour of iodine, obtaining by this means a surface of iodide of silver, which, on being placed in the camera, decomposed where it was impinged upon by the light, the degree of decomposition depending upon the intensity of the light. In this process, the silver, when separated from the iodine, is in a very minutely divided state, and, upon being exposed to the vapour of mercury, readily combines with it; and the white-frosted surface which this gives forms the light parts of the picture, while, the undecomposed iodide being removed by hyposulphite of soda, the polished surface of the plate gives the dark. Several improvements in the original process have been adopted, and the pictures at first produced will bear no comparison with the beautiful works with which we are all now familiar.

From this period, the art of producing pictures by the agency of light seems to have divided itself into two branches—one based upon the process just noticed, and called after its inventor, “Daguerreotype;” and the other, which includes the processes by which pictures are produced by means of light upon surfaces other than metallic plates, being that to which the name of “Photography” is generally applied. The most important step in the latter branch of the art, and one which gave the greatest impulse to its study and prosecution, was the discovery of the following fact in chemistry:—The decomposing influence of light upon the silver salts had been, as before observed, long known. It was also noticed that several substances having an affinity for oxygen possessed a similar reducing power; but a most singular effect is produced by the combination of both these agencies. Paper, prepared with iodide of silver, may be exposed for a considerable time to the light without undergoing any apparent change; and it may also be treated with reducing substances without showing any alteration, provided light has not been permitted to act upon it. If, however, the prepared paper has been previously exposed to the light, a rapid decomposition takes place, and the silver is reduced. The use that may be made of this in photography is obvious. A comparatively short exposure of the iodide of silver surface is sufficient to *initiate* the decomposition; and though, upon being taken out of the camera, not the slightest trace of a picture is to be perceived, yet upon treating it with the proper reducing substance—or, as it is termed, *developer*—the picture makes its appearance; and this development can be checked at the will of the operator, which gives him a considerable control over the depth or intensity of the picture.

As the great object was to obtain an extremely sensitive surface, the various conditions most favourable to the decomposition of the silver compound were carefully studied; and it was found that perfectly pure and dry chloride and iodide of silver are little, if at all, affected by light, but that there are several substances which, when present with them, exercise a remarkably accelerating influence in their decomposition. Water, nitrate of silver in solution, and organic matter have this property. Now in order to obtain the greatest degree of sensitiveness, we must use some compound of silver which is susceptible of decomposition by light and by a developer. The chloride, although decomposable by both, has this disadvantage—that, upon treating it with the developing solution after exposure to the light, that portion upon which the light has not acted undergoes a certain degree of decomposition sufficient to destroy the picture. Iodide and bromide of silver have not this fault, and it is with them, therefore, that the most sensitive surfaces are obtained; and it is obvious that for this purpose we have to seek the best means of placing them under conditions that will most assist the decomposing action of the light, and to find a developer which will most effectually complete the reduction of the silver that has been commenced by the light.

Another thing which is essential is a very smooth surface upon which the silver salt can be evenly spread. Paper, though admirable for some photographic processes, is not all that can be desired in this respect, and various substances spread upon glass were tried—amongst others, albumen and gelatine; but, with

the exception of the former, no great success was obtained. It had been observed that gun cotton could be dissolved in ether containing a small quantity of alcohol, but that, upon the evaporation of the solvent, that which remained no longer resembled gun cotton, but appeared as a transparent jellylike substance; and that, upon pouring the solution upon a smooth surface, the ether rapidly evaporates, leaving a very even transparent skin. To this the name *Collodion* was given, and photographers soon recognised in it the very substance they were in search of as a vehicle for the silver salt. Its capability of being easily spread upon a smooth surface, such as a glass plate, the ease with which it can be made to combine with iodide and bromide of silver, and the accelerating effect it appears to have upon the decomposition of the silver salt, all combine to render it the most useful and important agent in photography that has hitherto been employed for the purpose; and in its application to the art, another great advance was made. From its use may be dated the rapid progress which the practice of photography has made amongst amateurs. By its aid greater rapidity, greater simplicity in manipulation, and greater certainty were obtained, and thus very many have been induced to follow the art who had been deterred by the uncertainty and difficulty attending all previous processes.

In the process which we shall presently notice more particularly, by combining collodion with iodide of potassium, and, after it is spread upon the glass, immersing it in a solution of nitrate of silver, all the required conditions are fulfilled. We have a smooth and even surface of iodide of silver, combined with organic matter which facilitates its decomposition when acted on by light or moisture from the solution of nitrate of silver, and also an excess of the latter substance. In this state, if it is exposed in the camera, decomposition takes place with great rapidity, the time depending of course upon the intensity of the light; a few seconds generally suffice to commence the decomposition, which the developer continues, and renders apparent. Various substances have been found to act as developers—amongst others, the protosalts of iron, gallic and pyrogallie acids, the latter being particularly applicable where collodion is used. The sensitiveness of the collodion plates has been very much increased by the use of other organic substances spread over them; amongst others, grape sugar has been found to possess an extraordinary accelerating power. By its use, instantaneous pictures have been obtained. Objects in motion, the waves of the sea and the clouds in the sky, have been taken with a clearness perfectly marvellous.

Collodion, in fact, has only one disadvantage as compared with other vehicles for the silver salt; and that is, it requires a more cumbersome apparatus than the processes on paper, and therefore is not in many cases so available for taking landscapes. For portraits, paper cannot be used, as it is too slow, and nothing has hitherto been found to equal collodion. When a collodion plate is viewed by transmitted light, the light parts appear opaque, and the dark transparent; it is obvious, therefore, that if it is laid upon a piece of prepared paper and submitted to the light in the *printing* process before adverted to, a picture will be produced on the paper, in which the lights and shadows appear as in nature, and any number of paper copies can be obtained from one collodion *negative*. When the plate is placed upon a dark surface, and looked at by reflected light, it appears as a *positive*, having the lights and shadows as in nature, the greyish white colour of the reduced silver forming the lights, and the dark surface underneath the shadows; and, if it be looked at on the side opposite to the collodion surface, objects will not appear reversed, as they necessarily are in the daguerreotype.

[To be continued].

REVIEWS.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Second Notice.

IT is scarcely to be expected that any future inquirer will follow Mr. Macaulay, step by step, through the chaotic mass of documents, pamphlets, speeches, and ballads from which his History is extracted. The few scholars who have investigated the Byzantine records have found that Gibbon's conscientious accuracy is never at fault, even when he might have believed himself most secure from detection. It is unfortunate that a similar confidence cannot be placed in the author who composed the *Life of Warren Hastings*, and the libellous romance which, either in its original form or in Lord Campbell's travesty, determines the popular estimate of Bacon. In the majority of cases, the historian of the Revolution must be followed with prudent caution; and in one remarkable instance, his animosity to the greatest man of the age has led him into a curious episode of self-convicted delusion.

Graphic narrators, whether in history or in fiction, require strongly marked characters to enliven their stories. Only creative genius of the highest order succeeds in reproducing the composite formations of nature. Mr. Macaulay has, after the fashion of a skilful novelist, provided himself with representatives of those one-sided and salient parts which the majority of readers

willingly recognise and accept. Among a crowd of minor personages, three characters stand out conspicuous for their dramatic consistency—William is the hero of the piece, James the fool, and Marlborough the triumphant villain. One of the hallucinations which Mr. Macaulay delights to ridicule as illustrating the imbecility of the exiled king, consists in the credulity with which he believed in the vaguest rumours of any supposed adhesion to his cause. It is only when the testimony of James tends to blacken the character of the great general, that his assertions and assumptions are adopted as conclusive.

In one striking instance, the historian has founded a strange romance on a loose statement contained in one of the ex-King's letters. Every writer who has taken the reign of William and Mary for his subject, records the sudden rupture between the Queen and her sister in 1691, and the simultaneous dismissal of Marlborough from his posts in the army and at Court:—

The real history (says Mr. Macaulay) of these events was known to very few. Evelyn, who had, in general, excellent sources of information, believed that the corruption and extortion of which Marlborough was notoriously guilty had roused the royal indignation. The Dutch Minister could only tell the States General that six different stories were spread abroad by Marlborough's enemies. Some said he had indiscreetly suffered an important military secret to escape him; some, that he had spoken disrespectfully of their Majesties; some, that he had done ill offices between the Queen and the Princess; some, that he had been forming cabals in the army; some, that he had carried on an unauthorized correspondence with the Danish Government about the general politics of Europe; and some, that he had been trafficking with the agents of the Court of St. Germain's. His friends contradicted every one of these stories, and affirmed that his only crime was his dislike of the foreigners who were lorded it over his countrymen, and that he had fallen a victim to the machinations of Portland, whom he was known to dislike, and whom he had not very politely described as a wooden fellow. The mystery which from the first overhung the story of Marlborough's disgrace was darkened, after the lapse of fifty years, by the shameless mendacity of his widow. The concise narrative of James dispels the mystery, and makes it clear, not only why Marlborough was disgraced, but also how several of the reports about the cause of his disgrace originated.

It is, therefore, on the statement of James that Mr. Macaulay bases his own narrative. Some confirmation, he says, is supplied by a contemporaneous passage written by Burnet; but "the narrative of James requires no confirmation." The modern historian tells the story with minute particularity, and in a singularly positive tone:—

We are not fully informed as to the details of his plan; but the outline is known to us from a most interesting paper written by James, of which one copy is in the Bodleian Library, and another amongst the archives of the French Foreign Office.

Mr. Macaulay then proceeds to describe in eloquent language the jealousy and antipathy which prevailed between the English and the Dutch:—

Of that antipathy Marlborough determined to avail himself, for the purpose, as he assured James and James's adherents, of effecting a restoration. The temper of both Houses was such, that they might not improbably be induced by skilful management to present a joint address, requesting that all foreigners might be dismissed from the service of their Majesties. Marlborough undertook to move such an address in the Lords; and there would have been no difficulty in finding some gentleman of great weight to make a similar motion in the Commons. If the address should be carried, what could William do? Would he yield? Would he discard all his dearest, his oldest, his most trusty friends? It was hardly possible to believe he would make so painful, so humiliating a concession. If he did not, there would be a rupture between him and the Parliament; and the Parliament would be backed by the people. Even a king reigning by hereditary right might well shrink from such a contest with the estates of the realm. But to a king whose title rested on a resolution of the estates of the realm, such a contest must almost necessarily be fatal. The last hope of William would be in the army. The army Marlborough undertook to manage; and it is highly probable that what he undertook he could have performed. His courage, his abilities, his noble and winning manners, the splendid success which had attended him on every occasion on which he had been in command, had made him, in spite of his sordid vices, a favourite with his brethren in arms. They were proud of having one countryman who had shown that he wanted nothing but opportunity to vie with the ablest marshal of France. The Dutch were even more disliked by the English troops than by the English nation generally. Had Marlborough, therefore, after securing the co-operation of some distinguished officers, presented himself at the critical moment to those regiments which he had led to victory in Flanders and in Ireland—had he called upon them to rally round him, to protect the Parliament, and to drive out the aliens, there is strong reason to think he would have been obeyed. He would then have had it in his power to fulfil the promises which he had so solemnly made to his old master.

Having laid this foundation of possibilities and insinuations, Mr. Macaulay is not contented with raising upon it the unpretending structure of a simple conspiracy. The plot, it seems, prospered. Innocent members of Parliament promised to vote for the motion against the Dutch. Discontented officers vented their spleen at meetings in Marlborough House. But suddenly—

A strange suspicion rose in the minds of some of the Jacobites. That the author of this bold and artful scheme wished to pull down the existing Government, there could be little doubt. But was it quite certain what Government he meant to set up? Might he not depose William without restoring James? Was it not possible that a man so wise, so aspiring, so wicked, might be meditating a double treason, such as would have been thought a masterpiece of statecraft by the great Italian politicians of the fifteenth century, such as Borgia would have envied, such as Machiavel would have extolled to the skies? What if this consummate dissembler should cheat both the rival kings? What if, when he found himself Commander of the Army and Protector of the Parliament, he should proclaim Queen Anne? . . . In her Court, the husband of her adored friend would be what Pepin, Cleristal, and Charles Martel had been to the Childerics and Childeberts. He would be the chief director of the civil and military Government; he would wield the whole power of England; he would hold the balance of Europe. Great kings and commonwealths would bid against each other for

his favour, and exhaust their treasures in the vain hope of satisfying his avarice. The presumption was, therefore, that if he had the English crown in his hands, he would put it on the head of the Princess. *What evidence there was to confirm this presumption is not known*; but it is certain that something took place which convinced some of the most devoted friends of the exiled family that he was meditating a second perfidy, surpassing even the feat which he had performed at Salisbury.

It is certainly to be regretted by the admirers of melodramatic brilliancy, that it is not known whether there was any evidence to confirm the presumption which Mr. Macaulay attributes to the Jacobites, and adorns with so much amplitude of rhetorical illustration. James himself, who furnishes the sole foundation for the story, tells it far more simply. His words were translated, it seems, eighty years since, by Macpherson—"but strange to say, the passage attracted no notice; and has never, as far as I know, been mentioned by any biographer of Marlborough." The King wrote thus in November, 1692:—

My friends had a plan last year for recalling me through the Parliament. The mode of proceeding was arranged; and my Lord Churchill was to propose in Parliament the dismissal of all foreigners, not only from the councils and from the army, but from the kingdom. If the Prince of Orange had consented to this proposition, they would have had him in their own hands—if he had refused, he would have made Parliament declare against him; and at the same time, my Lord Churchill was to declare with the army for the Parliament, and the fleet was to do the same, and I was to be recalled. Measures had already been taken for carrying out this plan, and a large party had been gained over, when some indiscreet loyal subjects, thinking to do me service, and fancying that what my Lord Churchill did was not for me, but for the Princess of Denmark, and had the imprudence to discover the whole to Bentinck (Bentinck) and so caused the attempt to fail.

It is evident that the poor muddle-headed exile wholly disbelieved the suspicions which his friends, with an honesty and prudence worthy of their cause, confided to William's faithful follower. The scheme itself, as described by James himself, is not a conspiracy worthy of Borgia, but a proposal to recall the King by the deliberate voice of Parliament, with the aid of the army and of the fleet. To the end of his life the banished tyrant persuaded himself that the nation was favourable to his claims; and it is not surprising that he should have based extravagant expectations on the known discontent of Marlborough. The only overt or definite project of which James himself was aware consisted in the expected motion against the employment of foreigners. The remainder of the project is made up of a series of empty suppositions. The Parliament was to declare against William. Marlborough and the army were to declare for the Parliament. The fleet was to follow the general example; "and so the stick began to beat the dog, and the dog began to bite the pig, and the pig began to get over the stile, and the old woman got home that night." The Jacobites in England were aware that the Princess Anne's affairs had caused an alienation between Marlborough and the Court. Having discovered his intention of attacking the Dutch in the House of Lords, they denounced the plan to Portland, little anticipating, in all probability, the disappointment which they were causing to the sanguine and credulous King over the water. The very small portion of the Machiavellian plot which is not due to Mr. Macaulay's imagination, resolves itself into the idle gossip which fed the hopes of the banished Sovereign. The allegation that the narrative of James requires no confirmation, has been already quoted. "But," the historian adds, "it is strongly confirmed by the Burnet MS., Harl. 6584." The only material passage quoted from the manuscript is as follows:—"The king said to myself upon it, that he had very good reason to believe that he had made his peace with king James, and was engaged in a correspondence with France. It is certain he was doing all he could to set on a faction in the army and the nation against the Dutch." It is difficult to understand how Mr. Macaulay can find in these few words any confirmation of the elaborate scheme which he has imagined. The king had undoubtedly good reason to believe that Marlborough was in correspondence with St. Germain; but Burnet confines his own testimony to the notorious and undoubted fact, that he was active in measures for exciting the country against the Dutch. No policy could be more offensive to William; nor is it necessary to devise ingenious reasons for the dismissal of a great dignitary who was preparing to inflict an injury, combined with insult, upon his sovereign. Marlborough had already insisted on a Parliamentary provision for Anne, when the King and Queen wished their sister to be dependent on the royal bounty. It could scarcely be disputed that he had been in the right when he successfully maintained the claim of the princess; nor did his hostility to the foreign generals and statesmen require any elaborate explanation. Conscious of the powers which afterwards made him, without dispute, the first captain of the age, the English conqueror of Cork and Kinsale might reasonably complain that his claims were postponed to those of second-rate Dutch and German generals. While Solmes and Ginkell and Waldeck were commanding English armies, Marlborough, a far abler soldier than William himself, was only once employed in an independent command. Without rivalling Pepin or Charles Martel, the dissatisfied general might naturally take measures to annoy the Court by which he considered himself neglected.

The chimerical sorites of possibilities which were to turn a Parliamentary motion into a revolution, was worthier of the dreamy exile at St. Germain than of his brilliant historian. Why should the proposed address create a civil war, when a difference of opinion between the king and either House was an event of daily occurrence? Mr. Macaulay, in a subsequent page,

furnishes a sufficient answer. In the session of 1692, Marlborough actually carried out the intention which had proved so distasteful to the king. Under his influence, the peers presented an address, requesting William not to place his troops under the command of any foreign general:—

At Marlborough's suggestion, they urged the King to insist that the youngest English general should take precedence of the oldest general in the service of the States General. . . . To this advice, evidently dictated by an ignoble malevolence to Holland, William, who troubled himself little about votes of the Upper House, returned, as might have been expected, a very short and dry answer.

It may be worth while here to repeat a quotation which has been already made:—

If the address should be carried, what would William do? . . . If he did not yield, there would be a rupture between him and the Parliament; and the Parliament would be backed by the people. . . . The last hope of William would have been in the army.

"What would William do?" asks the bewildered speculator on imaginary contingencies. "Return a short and dry answer, as might have been expected," answers the satirical chronicler of events. Both passages are, in their way, pointed and exciting; and many lively pages interpose to distract the attention of the careless reader.

It is necessary for Mr. Macaulay's purpose to assume that the king was fully acquainted with the supposed plot, although he was restrained by motives of policy from divulging it. The hero of the story looks with the contempt of a superior nature on the baffled villain. In a future volume, Mr. Macaulay will have an opportunity of reconciling with his own theory the subsequent relations between William and Marlborough. Seven years after the explosion of the Borgia-like conspiracy, the king recommended as a model to his young nephew the accomplishments of the illustrious preceptor, whom he soon afterwards employed as an *alter ego* in Flanders, where Marlborough was at the same time plenipotentiary and commander-in-chief. When Anne, at her accession, appointed her favourite captain-general of the army, she only complied with the dying recommendation of her wise and experienced predecessor. So perfect a condonation of an unexampled treason has not hitherto been recorded by historians.

It must be remembered that Mr. Macaulay has constructed this imaginary plot in the broad sunshine and in the highway of history. The temptation appears to have been supplied by the love of paradox and antithesis, which, finding its chief gratification in the supposed weaknesses of great men, led the same writer to expand into a biography Pope's epigram of "The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind." The representation of Marlborough's virtues as unaccountable contrasts to the inherent vice of his character, is carried out with still more obstinate pertinacity. It is difficult to trust, in obscure regions, the guidance of a teacher who proves himself so careless and partial. It is not necessary to attribute perfection even to one of the greatest of Englishmen. The ambiguity of Marlborough's conduct is neither to be denied nor justified; but it is absurd, after deducing his character from his acts, to attribute treasons to him on the ground that he has been proved a traitor. To many Englishmen, it seemed certain, during the reign of William and Mary, that the ultimate reversion of the crown would prove to be vested in the Stuarts; and the tortuous policy which was suggested to individual statesmen by this not unreasonable anticipation, if not heroic or magnanimous, yet deserves to be studied for other purposes besides providing a point to epigram, or a sting to invective.

[To be continued.]

PIOUS FRAUDS.

IF ten reviewers of undoubted veracity were to find a book on their tables, and to unite in calling it "graceful and happy," "forcible and fluent," "fascinating," "commanding," "very interesting," "singularly graphic," and "grand, grave, and argumentative," we should probably consider such undesigned coincidences conclusive as to the merits of the publication. Such has been the happy fate (as recorded by himself) of Stephen Watson Fullom, author of *The Marvels of Science*, *The Great Highway*, and, lastly, of *The History of Woman*—softly beautiful as music's close. Our acquaintance with this fortunate gentleman is founded upon the first and last of these works, for we have not read *The Great Highway*. We are sorry that we cannot join the chorus of admirers. Mr. Fullom belongs to that class of authors who address themselves *virginibus puerisque*, and against whom parents and guardians ought to be sedulously warned. He would not for the world say a word against religion or morality. On the contrary, he is quite in the other line. "Genuine service," says one of his critics, "has been done to the cause of Revelation by the issue" of *The Marvels of Science*. We have no reason to doubt that Mr. Fullom sincerely means to render such service, but if, amongst other parts of the Bible history, he would refer to the story of Uzzah, he would find that there is a large class of persons who can best serve the "cause of Revelation" by holding their tongues. We can conceive no books better calculated than Mr. Fullom's to disgust a high-spirited lad or an inquisitive girl with what they have been taught to believe, or to predispose them to listen to those who disavow Christianity and morality together. We should be sorry to accuse Mr. Fullom of conscious opposition to virtue. He must

not, therefore, suppose that we mean to make any personal imputation on his character; yet we cannot but say that his books belong to a large and increasing class which, whilst they profess the most passionate orthodoxy and the purest morality, are written upon principles which appear to us fatal to both.

In Mr. Fullom's theology, the dictation by God of every word of the Bible—we might almost say of every syllable of the Authorized Version—seems to hold a prominent place. If he held this view simply, and trusted to the necessary consistency of every part of truth to show that physical philosophy confirmed the teaching of the inspired Word, we should not have a syllable to say against him. But Mr. Fullom cannot endure that God should be his own interpreter. He insists on making plain the coincidence between the Book of Genesis and Geology for himself, and he does so at the expense of advocating a theory respecting the Books of Moses which is identical with that which Strauss adopted about the Gospels—but with this strange addition, that, in Mr. Fullom's opinion, Moses's myths were inspired. Genesis, in his view, says one thing, and Geology, something quite different; but there is no real contradiction between them, for the first chapters of Genesis are an inspired myth. And, moreover, the myth was purposely worded in such a manner that, after Moses himself, and the Jews, and all Christians for eighteen centuries, had supposed that the words meant what they said, subsequent scientific discoverers might find ingenious methods of reconciling them with their discoveries—thereby disclosing an additional and unanswerable proof of the Divine dictation of the phrases in question. If this is not "lying for God," it is uncommonly like it; but, not to do Mr. Fullom injustice, we will give his own words:—

The account given by Moses is a lesson, not in science, but in religion; appealing, by its simple dignity, to the understanding of the ignorant and foolish, while it carries conviction to the minds of the enlightened and wise.

..... Nor should it be forgotten that Moses, though writing under inspiration, was probably himself ignorant of the precise meaning of his statements. Indeed, he has imparted to them a colouring which goes far to establish this fact, and which is evidently derived from his Egyptian tutors. It is a miraculous circumstance, that the bias of the sacred historian does not impair the authority of the narrative, nor commit it to views which are really opposed to the disclosures of science.—*Marvels of Science*, 125, 6, 7.

And he goes on to argue, that inasmuch as Moses and the Israelites were likely to mock at the truth, "it was permitted by the Deity, with equal wisdom and forbearance,"—for Mr. Fullom is not afraid to compliment his Maker—"that the narrative should bear a construction acceptable to a people naturally hard of belief." We suppose that this writer would have differed with Descartes as to the existence of a "*Deus quidam deceptor*." There is indeed something perfectly sublime in the matchless audacity with which he frames his conjectures. He supposes (*History of Woman*, i. 44), that the history of our Lord and the doctrine of the Trinity were at an early period made known to the Egyptians, but that they "were wisely excluded from the teaching of Moses, lest the Israelites, from old association, should fall under the yoke of the Egyptian superstition." In other words, Mr. Fullom thinks, that because the Egyptians had overlaid truth with superstition, the truth was excluded from the teaching of Moses, in order to avoid the yoke of the superstition. Yet this same man had said, in the *Marvels of Science*, that Moses "imparted to his statements a colouring evidently derived from his Egyptian tutors." So that Mr. Fullom thinks that Moses concealed from the Israelites truths known to the Egyptians, at the very time when he was "imparting to his statements a colouring evidently derived from his Egyptian tutors." If this kind of trash is to be put into the hands of young people on account of its "high religious tone," we shall want no further explanation of the vast increase of unbelief in the more educated classes. What conclusion could any youth of ordinary intelligence draw from these petty quibbles, but that the Bible means anything, everything, nothing at all—that it is a mere elastic band, by which science and theology are held together, and that the Author of the Bible was not the great God who made the heavens and the earth, the Fountain and Origin of truth and justice. But we shrink from writing what Mr. Fullom's paltry quibbling suggests. We hope we may quote without offence Milton's noble phrase, "Do you think God is a blind buzzard that you treat him thus?" If it is of the very essence of faith to believe in spite of difficulties, it is of the very essence of honesty to admit their existence. We should be very sorry to think that our faith in the Bible was less steadfast than Mr. Fullom's; but we would never deny that it is quite out of our power to put forward a complete and consistent theory upon the subject of the inspiration of the Scriptures. It is enough for us to believe that all truth is consistent—that God is true though every man were a liar, and that He knows far better how to justify his own works, and his own words, than we do. To try to defend the truth of the Bible by quibbles of which even a dishonest special pleader would be ashamed, is like trying to defend the character of a friend, by admitting that he did dishonest actions, and contending that he did them with the best intentions, on the evidence of some slight look or gesture which might, by a great stretch of charity, be considered as consistent with such a supposition.

Mr. Fullom's services to morality are on a par with his services to theology. His "*History of Woman*" is an insult to the sex. It is written in a style of petty pretty compliment which strongly inclines one to inflict upon it the same fate which put an end to

Agag's delicate goings. Mr. Fullom apparently thinks that because a woman is not a man, she is of necessity a fool. Would he otherwise have substituted for the history of Adam and Eve a paraphrase of the second chapter of Genesis, from which we subjoin the following parallel.

Descriptions of the Garden of Eden:—

Gen. ii. 8.—And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

9. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food;

10. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.

11. . . . the land of Havilah, where there is gold; 12, and the gold of that land is good: There is bdellium and the onyx stone.

25. And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.

Hist. Woman. i. 5, 6.—The abode of the chosen pair was designed expressly with a view to their peculiar condition and requirements. Planted by the hand of God, the garden of Eden, we are told contained "every tree that was pleasant to the sight, and good for food." Groves and sylvan glades, affording a grateful refuge from the heats of noon, margined a gentle and limpid stream, which flowed through the midst of this Paradise, here leaving slopes of velvet turf, there almost meeting the flowers that drooped over its waters. Gold sparkled in its depths, and its banks were strewn with precious gems, described by Moses as the bdellium and the onyx. Birds of every plumage, yet undaunted by the presence of man, flitted from tree to tree, while others made the woods resound with their melody; and so mild and genial was the climate [a reason far more probable than the one suggested by Moses] that our first parents walked at will through the garden, robed only in their own innocence. Plato, in his *Symposium*, which embody the heathen tradition of Eden, on this point confirms the testimony of Moses, stating that the happy parents of man went uncovered, and exposed to the season; which, indeed, bringing neither cold nor storms, they had no reason to fear.

The irreverent bad taste which can bear to travestie Scripture in this manner, and the impudence of the assertion about Plato is quite of a piece with the audacious and indeed impious theory of the *Marvels of Science*.—And this worthy beginning is amply borne out by the rest of the book. It is a string of little anecdotes out of a number of common authors, connected only by the circumstance that they mostly refer to women. The last half of the first volume refers to the women of Greece and Rome. The lax, foolish manner in which it is written may be judged of by the assertion that "general dissoluteness of manners is the most prominent characteristic in the Homeric era." Mr. Fullom, who turns the books of Moses into myths, takes Homer as solemn fact, and speaks with virtuous indignation of "the degraded character for whom the infatuated Trojans took up arms, and whom the Princesses of Troy, far from repudiating openly received as a sister."

As for Rome, Mr. Fullom thinks that "between the predictions of the Sibyl and the functions of the Vestals, it must be confessed that women exercised, in a religious point of view, considerable influence on the government of Rome. Nevertheless, their social position, whether as wives or daughters, was a painful and ignominious one, and gradually corrupted their own character, while it vitiated that of the whole Roman race." He tells us, moreover, that the Roman women were taught a system of morality which made them act like slaves, and "seek a coward's refuge in death:—

Thus, under certain circumstances, suicide was absolutely held to be a duty, and Portia swallowing fire, Sophonisba receiving from her lover the cup of poison, Arria gashing her breast with her husband's dagger, though rendered more striking by the halo of history, were, in fact, but common incidents in the domestic life of Rome.—i. 343.

We are at a loss to say whether this statement is more remarkable for truth or for generosity.

It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Fullom confines his discoveries to ancient times. He has also a volume relating to modern women. It is all in the same style as the specimens which we have quoted—crowded with petty, smirking compliments to women in general, and full of feeble euphemisms whenever he has occasion to refer to their faults. As a single instance of the combination of all these faults with a reckless disregard for truth, we select his description of Mary Queen of Scots:—

It could excite no surprise if, in such a situation, this fair young queen had been betrayed into some little indiscretions which the eye of fanaticism or the unscrupulous tongue of slander might magnify into guilt; but modern candour is stunned by the unbounded virulence of her enemies, in imputing to her crimes which surpass belief. Happily these accusations are quite unsupported by facts.

Mr. Fullom's popularity does not surprise us. The *Marvels of Science* are certainly amusing, and sometimes not ill written; but nothing can excuse the dishonesty and audacity of the chapter on "The Two Revelations," to which we have referred; and both this book and the *History of Woman* are conceived and executed upon principles which of necessity set truth at defiance. We are not prepared to enter upon any criticism of Mr. Fullom's science; but it is quite incredible that any man should be able to treat with authority, or even accuracy, on the enormous range of subjects—geology, astronomy, optics, anatomy, and fifty others—to which it relates. The *History of Woman* is, if possible, more

audacious; and of its utter inaccuracy and untrustworthiness there can be no doubt, from the quotations which we have given. We cannot quit the subject without remarking, that there is an ominous consistency about these books. They are perhaps the strongest instance we have met with of a taint which has deeply infected our literature, and which threatens to extend much further. It is a systematic disregard of truth. The very same spirit which suggested to Mr. Fulford his audacious statements about Plato and Mary Queen of Scots, and which led him to undertake subjects to which he could not possibly do justice, leads him to defend the Bible—which did not want his defence—by arguments of the most palpable dishonesty, and prevents him from seeing the irreverence of the construction which he puts upon the history of the creation and the Mosaic institutions.

TE IKA A MAUI.*

THIS is an admirable book—the mature product of long and vigilant observation, a clear intellect, and a variously accomplished mind. In solid completeness of information and total abstinence from fine writing, it is, as far as our experience goes, unique in modern descriptive literature. It belongs to the days before *Etthen*, and claims to take rank, not as a fugitive sketch, but as a standard work. We shall do no wrong to the author, while rendering a service to our readers, by laying before them, as compendiously as possible, some of the information we have ourselves gleaned from *Te Ika a Maui*.

Such is the native name of the three islands—the North, the Middle, and the South—which we very absurdly continue still to call New Zealand. Mr. Taylor suggests as substitutes Austral-Britain, or Australbion. Why not South England, or New Britain, without the Latinism? But what is the interpretation of the words *Te Ika a Maui*? Literally, they mean, "The fish (ika) of Maui," the myth being that Maui, the Maori creator, first fished up these islands from the sea. The North Island bears at least as near a resemblance in shape to a fish, as Italy does to a boot. This proves, as Mr. Taylor thinks, the frequency with which the early Maori had circumnavigated it; but may not the legend have also some reference to the upheaving of these islands from the deep by volcanic agencies? A similar tradition, we are told, prevails in the Tonga Isles. In New Zealand, with some variations, it is known over the whole extent of the country.

The islands are nominally three; but the so-called South Island bears about the same proportion to the Middle and the North that the Isle of Wight does to Great Britain and Ireland. The whole range of the group is upwards of 1000 miles from north-east to south-west. To the eye of the geologist, an almost continuous chain of islands is observable stretching away through the breadth of the Pacific from the northernmost point of New Zealand to the southernmost point of Japan. New Zealand itself is an eminently volcanic country. Half its mountains are extinct craters. Lava streams, basaltic rocks, vast chasms and fissures emitting volumes of gas, sulphureous gulfs, geysers, and boiling mud pools, are of frequent occurrence. These mud pools are extraordinary. An enormous bubble of mud is seen rising in the centre, which gradually increases in height and size till it grows into a mud-jet eight or ten feet high; it then falls in large masses on the sides of the pool, where it dries and forms *laminae* bearing a close relation to slates, so that, "perhaps in these mud vortices is seen on a small scale what was once the state of a large portion of the earth's crust during the formation of slate." Warm water lakes abound; the natives are fond of dwelling in their neighbourhood and even on the islands which stud their surface. On one of these islands Mr. Taylor went to visit a boiling spring, called "Tukupuarange," or the Cloudy Atmosphere; his description is thus extracting:—

A more remarkable place I never saw. It had the appearance of an immense flight of white marble stairs, each step being from one to three feet in height, of a silicious stone, formed by the deposit of the waters; in some places of a beautiful pale pink colour, over which about two inches of warm water fell. I ascended this magnificent and unequalled staircase, some parts of which were so slippery that I had some difficulty in keeping my footing. One of the steps presented merely a rim externally, and formed a basin, about four feet in depth, of beautifully clear water, having a greenish hue, like that of the lake over which we had passed. Neither I nor my companion could resist the tempting luxury of the bath which was before us. We found the temperature to be nearly 90°, although it varied in each of the three compartments into which the bath was divided. Afterwards I ascended to the summit of the staircase, where there was a large level flat; the centre not being visible at first, on account of the volume of steam which issued from it; the surface cracked under the feet like thin ice, but being formed of successive *laminae*, was firm. As I advanced, I discovered that the centre was occupied by an immense gulf of hot water, of a very fine pale blue colour, so remarkably clear that, although the bottom could not be discerned, it was evidently of great depth. Having cautiously approached the edge which overarched this awful abyss, and looking down, I beheld a large rock of a pure white substance rising from the vast profound almost to the surface, which formed a beautiful contrast with the azure water. A tree also which had fallen in was likewise petrified, and added to the scene. Upon one part of the pavement, over which the water had flowed, a thin deposit of sulphur was left, which tinged it with a bright yellow; some of the steps being of a rose tint, and others of a pure white, increased the general effect.

* *Te Ika a Maui; or, New Zealand and its Inhabitants.* By the Rev. E. Taylor, M.A., F.G.S., many years a Missionary in New Zealand. London: Wertheim and Mackintosh. 1855.

The highest mountain chain is that of Tongariro, in the North Island; its loftiest point is 10,236 feet above the sea. The whole range is volcanic; Tongariro itself is in a state of permanent activity. Earthquakes are frequent, and on three occasions since the colonizing of the country by the British, have caused considerable damage to the settlers, more especially at Wellington. The earthquake of October 16, 1848, laid the little town in ruins; and that of January 23, 1855, was scarcely less severe. Great upheavements of the land, and alterations of the coast level, are the natural result. In 1847, the hull of a vessel was discovered on the western coast of the Middle Island, 200 yards above high-water mark, with a tree growing through its hull: this was the *Active*, a vessel known to have been wrecked on that coast only thirty-three years before. On Kaikoara, a volcanic mountain on the same island, 9114 feet above the sea, where nothing now grows but mosses and lichens, Lieutenant-Governor Eyre found, laid in long lines on the mountain sides, the charred remains of large *totara* trees, evidently showing that the ground had once been covered with forest, and uplifted at a comparatively recent geological period. There are but few valleys in New Zealand; the country chiefly consists of a succession of deep ravines between ridges, along the bottom of which rush torrents with great rapidity, bringing down from the central ranges vast quantities of soil and *débris*, sometimes entire mountain sides precipitated by land-slips—the whole forming, when they reach the sea, rapidly increasing mud-flats, the materials of future plains.

The climate of the islands, taken altogether, is one of the mildest in the world. It is singularly equable, and consequently healthy. In the North Island, snow never lies, except at a high level; and the range of the thermometer is rarely above 80° in the summer or below 40° in winter.

Their natural history is singular. The only indigenous land-animal is the *kiore*, or native rat, a small species, not above half the size of ours. The birds are numerous; the two most remarkable are the *kiwi* (*Apteryx Australis*), the wingless bird of which a specimen is—or was lately—to be seen in the Zoological Society's gardens; and the gigantic *moa*, a feathered biped not much less than sixteen feet high, with bones half the size of the elephant's. Mr. Taylor has never met with this last species, but thinks it by no means certain that it is even now extinct. Its bones are frequently to be met with, and, wherever found, there is generally found with them "a small heap of round quartz pebbles, about the size of walnuts, which were doubtless swallowed for digestion."

It is time to turn to the natives themselves. The *Maori* are, both physically and mentally, a magnificent race of savages. Mr. Taylor is wise enough to perceive that, in the contrast of savagery and civilization, the advantages are not all on one side. Let us hear what he has to say on this subject; it is worth attending to:—

With us society is divided to an indefinite extent; one is brought up in one useful art, and another in another; with few exceptions there are none who can turn their hands to any other than their own peculiar calling. The New Zealander, on the contrary, is acquainted with every department of knowledge common to his race: he can build his house, he can make his canoe, his nets, his hooks, his lines; he can manufacture snares to suit every bird; he can form his traps for the rat; he can fabricate his garments, and every tool and implement he requires, whether for agriculture or war; he can make ornaments of ivory or of the hardest stone, and these too with the most simple and apparently unsuitable instruments, sawing his ivory without loss, with a muscle-shell, and his hard green jade stone one piece with another, with only the addition of a little sand and water; and all these works, it must be remembered, he could accomplish without the aid of iron, which was unknown before Cook's time. It was not a single individual or a few that were adepts in these various arts, but every one. The implements they made, they also knew how to use; they could hunt, they could fish, they could fight. In the battle-field they were warriors, in the council they were orators; their skill in military tactics has elicited the wonder of our military men, and their late war with the government has done much to raise them in our estimation. It would be no easy matter to find any European who, in so many respects, could equal the despised savage of New Zealand.

Where did the *Maori* come from? They themselves say, originally from Hawaiki, i.e., Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Isles. Their words are "I Kunemai i Kawaiki."—"The seed of our coming is from Hawaiki." From the Sandwich to the Friendly, and thence to the Tonga Isles, Mr. Taylor is inclined to trace a stream of migration, more or less continuous. That the race is Polynesian, it seems impossible to doubt. The physical conformation shows it, the evidence of language shows it more plainly still. On this point Mr. Taylor has a right to be heard with respectful attention; and his opinion, supported by very numerous and striking analogies, is unhesitatingly given in the affirmative. We can but take one or two of his instances. A Tonga man and a Maori can, without much difficulty, understand each other on a first interview. The names of the principal vegetable esculents, *rifi*, the yam; *kumara*, the sweet potato; *hue*, the calabash, and so forth, are the same in New Zealand and the South Sea Isles. It is the same with the names of the more common birds and animals,—*kuka*, the pigeon; *ruru*, the owl; *kiore*, the rat; *kuri*, the dog. The palm-tree of the Polynesian Isles is fruitful; that of New Zealand bears no fruit, only leaves; the Maori name for the palm-tree is *Ni-ku*, which is Polynesian for "only leaves." It would be difficult to conceive more satisfactory proof of origin as derived from language.

Like the rest of the Polynesian races, the *Maori* are an eminently imaginative people. Sir George Grey had already given us many of the more poetical legends of their heroic age. Mr.

Taylor, for the first time, unfolds the secrets of their cosmogony. It is very much in the old approved style;—*Xáos ἦν καὶ Νύξ Ἐπεὶ οὗτε μέλαν*,—"They begin with nothing which produced something, and that brought forth something more, and generated a power of increasing;" about as lucid as most cosmogonies. Then came night—

The great night, the long night,
The lowest night, the loftiest night,
The night of death.

As yet, there was no light—as the Maori poet phrases it, "there were no eyes to the world." Then "the living breath" came; it "dwelt with the empty space," and produced "the atmosphere which floats above the earth."

The great firmament above us, dwelt with the early dawn,
And the moon sprung forth;
The atmosphere above us, dwelt with the heat,
And thence proceeded the sun;
They were thrown up above, as the chief eyes of Heaven:
Then the Heavens became light,
The early dawn, the early day,
The mid-day. The blaze of day from the sky.

There are two orders of gods—the most ancient the gods of night, then the gods of light. These are the elemental deities—the *Demiurgi*. There are also hero-gods in abundance, the deified chiefs of the earlier time—such as *Tawaki*, of whom we are told that "men knew not that he was a god, till one day he climbed a high hill, and some one who was cutting wood there saw him throw aside his vile garments and clothe himself with the lightning: then they knew he was a god." Besides gods, elemental and heroic, the Maori believed also potently in intermediate beings—fairies, goblins, elfs, children of the mist, wild men living in inaccessible mountains, scaly dragons and slimy water monsters. Upon all these points, Mr. Taylor pours forth a profusion of mythic lore, drawn from the most authentic stores of Maori tradition.

The Maori believed in the immortality of the soul. *Reinga*, literally "the leaping place," was their Hades: the spirits of the departed made their way to the North Cape of New Zealand, and then passing along a narrow ledge of rock, leapt down on a flat stone, whence slinging themselves into the water by some long sea-weeds, they entered Po, or night, of which *Reinga* was the portal. The bodies of important people were generally exposed to the air, or buried in the earth till decomposed—the bones were then scraped, painted red, wrapped in mats, and deposited in canoes, trees, caves, or fissures of rocks. The *tangi*, or wail for the dead, is an elaborate performance, and constitutes the chief accomplishment and most exciting amusement of the New Zealand ladies; they dress for the part in chaplets of dog's hair and seaweed, and "look forward to a good crying with the same desire that a young lady in England does to a ball." According to Mr. Taylor, their acting must be very superior. "Until a person is accustomed to those scenes," we are told, "he can scarcely refrain from weeping too; it appears so very natural, and the wail seems to come from the very bottom of the soul."

One of the most singular of their institutions is the *Tapu* (or Taboo)—a custom common to all the Polynesian people. Mr. Taylor seems rightly to regard it "as a religious observance established for political purposes," and there can be no doubt that it was an engine of vast political power in the hands of the chiefs. One instance (which from a less trustworthy narrator would be hardly credible) will suffice to show the nature of the New Zealand *Tapu*, and the effects produced by it on the Maori.

When Taunui, a principal chief of the Mōkan, lost his tinder-box in one of his journeys, it was picked up by some natives, who made use of it to light their pipes. On reaching Taunui's place, he asked them whether they had seen his tinder-box; they were so dreadfully alarmed at the idea of using anything belonging to so sacred a character, that three of them actually died; and more would have done so, had not Taunui immediately removed the taper from his box.

The Maori are very rich in proverbs and in poetry; Mr. Taylor gives numerous specimens of both. The proverbs show keen and strong sense; many of the rhythmical pieces possess much beauty and tenderness; the language is eminently euphonic. Here is one of the shorter songs, composed by Te Uira, a Maori lady of high rank, mother of Te Amo, a celebrated warrior and orator. The lady lay on her death-bed; the chief, with his principal warriors, was digging red ochre on the further slopes of Tauwara, a high mountain just visible to the eyes of the dying woman. This is her song of farewell to her son:—

Ra te haeata,
Takiri ana
Ki Tauwara ra;
Pae tau arai ki a koe
E Amo e aroha nei au.
Waiho ra mata,
Kia mihī au,—
Kia roa i te mihinga—
Ka tuku tenei,
Ki te tai pouri,
Ki tuku makau mate.

The bright sun-beams
Shoot down upon
Tauwara, whose
Lofly ridge veils thee from
My sight, O Amo, my beloved.
Leave me, that my eyes
May grieve, and that
They may unceasingly mourn,
For soon must I descend
To the dark shore—
To my beloved, who has gone before.

The taste of the Maori in personal ornaments is not altogether commendable. The *moko*, or tattoo, was once universal with all people of condition; and a *papatea*, or plain face, was a term of reproach. This is changing now. While the tattoo prevailed, beards were unfashionable, as the hair concealed the symmetry of the inwrought figures. In those days the New Zealand beau amused his leisure moments by a sedulous use of the tweezers.

Another fashion somewhat objectionable was that of anointing the head with red ochre and oil, giving an appearance as though the skull had been cleft, and was streaming down with gore. Earrings of green stone and necklaces of shark's teeth are still fashionable.

There is no distinctive marriage rite. Polygamy is practised by the chiefs; the first wife, who is generally a lady of rank, takes precedence; the son who happens to be the first born, no matter from which of the wives, succeeds to the inheritance. The chiefs are inveterate aristocrats. They think nothing of a man who cannot go back twenty or thirty generations. It is the height of rudeness to ask a chief his name, as it implies that he is a person of no consequence. The polite form is to say, "If I had partaken of the feast given when you were named, then I should have known you."

The amusements of the Maori children strangely resemble those of English boys and girls. Kites, whipping-tops, cats-cradles, skipping-ropes, are common to both. The Maori takes generally only two meals a-day—one about ten, and the other at sunset. He is a large and somewhat coarse feeder, fond of fatty substances, and preferring them when the reverse of fresh; rancid train-oil is his favourite sauce for potatoes. The pig is now their principal animal food. Before the arrival of the Europeans, their chief aliment, apart from vegetables, consisted of parrots, eels, and rats. "These," says Mr. Taylor, quaintly enough, "and especially human beings, were all they had."

This brings us to the horrible subject of cannibalism. There can be no doubt about the fact. The Maori, in the times of darkness, were prodigious consumers of human flesh. This book abounds with frightful details on the subject. Captives taken in war were, as a general rule, cooked and eaten. When Hongi, the Napoleon of New Zealand, routed Hinaki and his brethren, three hundred of the slain were baked and devoured on the battle-field. When Rauparaha, by the aid of the infamous Stewart, commander of the *Elizabeth*, stormed the fort of Tamai-hara-mu, he returned to the vessel with five hundred baskets full of human flesh. The vanquished chief was given up to the widow of Pehi—a warrior whom he himself had slain. Mr. Taylor shall relate what followed:—

They talked so friendly to one another, and she behaved so kindly to him, that a stranger would have taken them for man and wife rather than a doomed captive with his implacable enemy. She used even to clothe him in her finest garments, and deck his head with choice feathers; this continued for about two weeks, until either she had assembled her friends, or thought her victim sufficiently fat for killing. She then suddenly caused him to be seized and bound, with his arms stretched to a tree, and whilst in this position, she took a spear, a long narrow rod of iron, with which she stabbed him in the jugular artery, and drank his warm blood as it gushed forth, placing her mouth to the orifice; he was afterwards cooked and eaten.

The last known act of cannibalism took place in 1844.

What is to be the fate of the Maori? Captain (now Colonel) Mundy assured us some two or three years back that the Maori were destined to form no exception to the mysterious law which makes the savage races disappear before the civilized. Mr. Taylor, who possesses infinitely better means of information, sees good reason for doubting this. The race is not, and never has been, very numerous—probably about 80,000 or, at most, 100,000—but it is on the increase. In the ten years from 1843 to 1853, in both of which a census was taken, this was found to be the result; in the next decade there seems every ground for supposing that the progress in population will be still more striking. Intestine wars are much diminished—the native agriculture is rapidly improving. A vast alteration for the better is taking place in their food. We have, no doubt, introduced diseases previously unknown, especially those of a scrofulous type; but, on the whole, the balance of good since the European settlement has been in favour of the native. They feel this themselves. "New Zealand is the house, the Europeans are the rafters on one side, the Maori are the rafters on the other side; God is the ridge-pole against which all lean." Such are the expressions contained in a recent circular of some of the more powerful chiefs. If the Colonial Governments are wise enough to settle the land question on a satisfactory basis, and to give the chiefs an interest in the preservation of order, by making some of their number, for instance, salaried local magistrates, there appears no reason why the two races may not together possess the land in peace. Upon the all important subjects just hinted at, the volume before us contains suggestions of the highest value. We cannot here do more than invite attention in the most general terms to this portion of its contents, and must now close *Te Ika a Maui* with an expression of our acknowledgments to the author for the amount of instruction and entertainment he has afforded us, and with the pleasant conviction that we have made acquaintance with a genuine book.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT ON ENGLISH INSTITUTIONS.*

IN the December number of the *Correspondant*, M. de Montalembert has continued and concluded his observations on the political prospects of England. Throughout, he preserves a temper of observant and affectionate admiration. No foreigner ever rendered ampler justice to English institutions, or saw

* *Le Correspondant, Nouvelle Série.* Tome i. 3^e Livraison. 25 décembre, 1855.

English society in a brighter light. English happiness and English wisdom are the favourite texts on which he freely discourses to his Continental friends. He traces the life of an English gentleman through school and college—paints the liberty, the gaiety, the country pleasures of the boy in the magnificent seclusion of Eton, and the still greater liberty and more conscious happiness of the man among the majestic beauties of Oxford. The Englishman, he observes, learns the art of government almost in infancy, and can hardly be said to enter upon public life at one time more than another. In a few pointed and emphatic sentences he indicates the causes which have united to impress on the English universities their peculiar stamp, and if these causes are familiar to Englishmen, they are not obvious to foreigners. Perhaps few Englishmen could have estimated as accurately as M. de Montalembert has done the advantages which Oxford and Cambridge have derived from their independence of external control, their ancient origin, and their territorial wealth. He sees everything, it is true, in its best light, and we may blush at some of the praises bestowed on us. He records, for instance, with delight, that on asking the head of a college by what rules the society was governed, he was informed it was by statutes six hundred years old, and he extols the wise readiness with which the University has hailed salutary changes imposed on it by the Legislature. Some of us possibly may have had occasion to regard the effects of living under ancient statutes with more mixed feelings, and can remember a time when the University certainly hid the light of its wise readiness for change under a bushel.

From English Schools and Colleges it is an easy transition to the Anglican Church and the progress of Romanism in England. In no part of his Essay is the candour of the writer more conspicuous than when he treats these tempting topics. M. de Montalembert is an ardent lover of political freedom, but it is mainly because he thinks that political freedom gives the best security for the growth of the Romish faith. And yet, although every line breathes the spirit which influences his mind, he speaks of the English Church and the religion of the English people with respect and admiration. The tenets and the political position of the Church fill him with a wonder which it is easy to understand that a foreigner may feel; but he treats with just contempt the notion that a Church can be hastening to decay, which rapidly extends its means of accommodation for religious worship, sends missionaries to every corner of the earth, and collects millions on millions for every charitable purpose. So well, indeed, does he think of the English Church, and so Christian are the virtues that he acknowledges it to exhibit, that he can scarcely understand how it is separated for a moment from the Church of Rome. He evidently considers the English clergy in a state of transition which must soon unite them to the Mother-Church, but accounts for the slowness of the movement by the constraint which the more deep-rooted Protestantism of the laity imposes on their actions. With reference to those who have left the Church of England, he makes a statement which it may be worth while to notice, as it is one which foreign Catholics are fond of asserting. He tells us that these Anglican converts were, by general acknowledgment, the first of all—the first in virtue, the first in talent, in science, and eloquence. This is simply untrue. With the exception of Dr. Newman, and perhaps of one other, none of the converts can be described as men of first-rate powers. They were men, generally speaking, of enthusiastic temperament, of amiable manners, and respectable learning. But they had no claim to anything like pre-eminence in the list of living English divines.

"If," says M. de Montalembert again and again, "full scope is given to every creed, and every barrier to thought and its expression is thrown down, the Catholic Church must, as the only true Church, prevail." This is but what the sincere adherents of every creed ought to feel; and with respect to Catholicism especially, we believe it to be quite true that there are times in which, without external aid, it will recommend itself to increasing numbers. When the attention of men is widely turned to religious topics, there will always be a certain proportion of thinkers who will fly from thought to authority. The mystery of the world bears heavily on ardent and impatient minds; and we who live in the nineteenth century must confess that there are periods in which speculative ardour and impatience are largely displayed. But it is very dangerous to over-estimate the effect of political changes in the region of speculation and religion. "How much," says M. de Montalembert, has Romanism gained ground in England since the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed! How little, an Englishman would reply, has the one got to do with the other! Throughout the Christian world, with the exception of Southern Europe, the last half century has been characterized by a religious revival, perceptible equally in the English Church and the communities of English dissenters, in the Catholic Church of France, and some of the Lutheran communions of Germany. Whenever such a revival takes place, and no new question arises of sufficient moment to occupy all minds—when it is but the old and the established that is sifted, analysed, or harmonized with modern thought—a certain number of minds are sure to long to rest on authority, and will of course fly to the only church that dares to say its authority is infallible. We might, if we pleased, throw into the balance the multitude of minds whose faith in authority is shaken; but these numerical calculations of gain and loss are worth nothing. Only

we must not, except in a very minute degree, ascribe the fluctuation of religious bodies to political changes, which are much more the symptoms than the causes of the direction in which the thoughts of men are moved.

What makes England so great? the author asks. The general reply is, he says, her Protestantism; but no good Catholic will own this. If it is not Protestantism, then, as England has nothing else to distinguish her, it must, he contends, be her free institutions; yet free institutions belong as much to the one creed as to the other, as is shown by the existence of the Spanish Cortes, and the French and English parliaments in the Middle Ages. There seems to us an error in this—an error which runs through the whole of M. de Montalembert's Essay. Protestantism is not so much a creed as a habit of thought. The Middle Ages might very well exhibit a habit of thought akin to Protestantism. They were not by any means absorbed by the influence which was sufficiently predominant to characterize them to our minds as the ages of ecclesiastical supremacy. The society that lived in them was composed of elements eminently complex. Roman law, barbarian customs and traditions, the reminiscences of paganism, the speculations of the East, all contributed materials to the living edifice so skillfully built by Rome. It is not, therefore, at all strange that a spirit alien to that of Rome should have been found in countries subject to her authority. We do not wish to enter on the question of the compatibility of free institutions with Ultramontanism. It is possible that the best of Catholics may be the freest of politicians; but the existence of parliaments in the Middle Ages certainly does not prove it. Protestantism was not new made by Luther; it had its roots in the past; the fourteenth century was more akin to it than the thirteenth, and the fifteenth than the fourteenth. Looking at England alone, it would be hard to say that the way had not been prepared for a religious change by the institutions that ultimately led to political freedom. The English barons were notoriously jealous of papal intrusion; the English judges were almost unreasonably hostile to the civil law. At any rate, after the Reformation was established, who can doubt that the same spirit that made her free also made her Protestant? Who can fail to recognise that the same habit of thought which coloured the writings of her great political theorists, appears in every line of her great Protestant divines? It would be rash to deduce from the history of a single country the general proposition that a purely Catholic State cannot be long and completely free in its political constitution; but it is more than rash to separate the history of English institutions from the history of English Protestantism.

The conclusion of M. de Montalembert's Essay, admirable in spirit and exquisite in language, may be read with equal advantage in France, where despotism is established, and in England, where it is admired. Having combated with great success, by a reference to past history, the prevailing opinion that it is owing to inherent differences of race that an Englishman is free and a Frenchman not, he closes with an appeal to his countrymen to remember that the fortunes of freedom have often changed, and that it is never too late to hope. He compares the present condition of France to the state of a man who walks by night, but whose path is known to him, and who can at once remember and expect the daylight. What use his countrymen are to make of such an appeal, we must leave it to them to decide; but it may move us to shame and regret that this appeal is partly addressed to us. In our political relations we have only to take notice of what is established, and we may reasonably admire and applaud the wisdom and honesty of the Emperor's conduct during the present war. But it is painful to find that in England a foolish prating about the advantages of despotism has become sufficiently notorious and obtrusive to call forth a rebuke from so enlightened and distinguished a foreigner as M. de Montalembert. This idle talk is not worth any serious notice. It is the fashion of an hour, and will pass away; and M. de Montalembert has, we think, hit the exact truth, when he says, that Englishmen only enlarge on the excellences of despotism for foreign countries, because they are firmly convinced that it can never be the lot of their own.

AN IRISH BARON-BISHOP.*

LET us add, with a pardonable paronomasia, a Barren Bishop. We have before us "A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the United Dioceses of Killala and Achonry at the Annual Visitation, 29th September, 1854, by the Right Hon. and Right Rev. Thomas, Lord Plunket, D.D., Bishop of Tuam, Killala, and Achonry. Dublin: Samuel B. Oldham, 8, Suffolk-street. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 1855." We have been particular and exact in transcribing the title page, because it is a publication which we would not willingly let die, but which possibly its author—or to speak more precisely, the Right Hon. and Right Rev. personage whose name is on the title page—would be glad enough to consign to a merciful oblivion. Bishops' Charges are generally fugitive compositions. They flutter alive through the mouths of men, as old Ennius says, but for a brief popularity. Like the leaves, they fade with the

* *A Charge, delivered to the Clergy, &c.* By Thomas, Lord Plunket, D.D., Bishop of Tuam, Killala, and Achonry. Dublin: John B. Oldham, &c.

autumn. We are, however, constrained to consign Lord Plunket's recent performance to such immortality, or at any rate to such notoriety, as the *Saturday Review* can invest it with. Being an exceptional performance, it deserves an exceptional treatment. We do not propose to review very often the Charges of our Right Reverend Fathers. They deal with topics generally foreign to our studies, and not unfrequently they are but in slight accordance with our tastes. And on the present occasion we have no concern with the subject matter of the Bishop of Tuam's pastoral address. Into its theology we do not enter. It is as a literary phenomenon that we call attention to it. It stands alone. It exhausts a class. It is its own great parallel. It never had an example—it never can have a follower. It fills up, begins, and ends a chapter in the Curiosities of Literature. It not only revives, but transcends, the recollections of Chatterton and Ireland. It introduces and completes a phase of the human mind. It shows how far, in a civilized country, decency can be insulted, and how far human imbecility can go.

His Lordship's Charge occupies a pamphlet of fifteen pages. As we have said, it is to be bought in the market. It has a title-page, and a respectable publisher's name attached. There it stands—it is actually on our desk—bold and unblushing in the effrontery and authorship of "Thomas, Lord Plunket, D.D., Bishop of &c. &c. &c." Of these fifteen pages, every word, and line, and syllable, with the exception of two paragraphs, each consisting of fourteen lines, is copied, transcribed—and, to speak plainly, stolen—from "A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Chester at the Visitation in June and September, 1841. By John Bird, Lord Bishop of Chester. London: 1841." We have said the whole, but there are twenty-three lines which are not filched from the Charge of 1841, but which are stolen from a previous Charge of the same Bishop of Chester, delivered and published in 1838. These Chester Charges were not documents published in a corner—they were very plain spoken. They were levelled at a powerful school in the Church, and they dealt powerfully with that school. The Bishop of Chester, especially in 1841, used strongish language—he spoke of those with whom he differed as being instigated by the "adversary of souls," and so on. And the Bishop of Chester was at the time answered and protested against, both by bishops and priests, in pamphlets innumerable, and in language nearly as strong as—stronger it could not be than—his own. In the world of controversy, the Chester Charge of 1841 is about as well known as Bishop Jewell's Challenge, or any other polemical commonplace. This document, famous fourteen years ago, the Bishop of Tuam quietly takes down in 1855, or 1854, and transcribes, as we have said, paragraph by paragraph, and uses as his own—actually delivers to his clergy—and then prints without the remotest hint that he was only reproducing another man's published work, or the faintest allusion to its real author.

And this he does with cool, calm, and collected self-possession. He generally extracts consecutively; but he occasionally transposes, tessellates, and mosaicizes his stolen wares. Once or twice he ventures on an original "and," and we think that we have detected a "but;" and in one rare instance the Lord Bishop of Tuam ventures to substitute "I am persuaded"—his own powerful and satisfied phrase—for the more modest and rather self-distrusting "I sincerely believe" of his brother of Chester. To a higher flight than this the Irish prelate has not trusted himself, except, as we have said, for the twenty-eight lines, which we make no doubt he has borrowed from somebody. Indeed, so diffident is Lord Plunket of his own powers of original composition that the very first sentence of his production—this sublime exordium—

"We meet together, Reverend Brethren, once again, to take counsel respecting the things in which we are mutually concerned"—

is copied from the Chester Charge of 1838.

We think we have produced a literary monster. Now how to account for it? The solution is not easy, but one occurs. Of course the Bishop of Tuam has lost his personal identity. Like the old lady in the ballad, his lordship is clearly puzzled as to who he is. Self-multiplied like Kehama, he has lost himself. His Lordship cannot make out who he is. He is an episcopal Cerberus and a lay peer, all at once and together. He is three single bishops rolled into one, and a peer of the realm to boot. The three mitres—that triple crown which has so Popish a look—and the baronial coronet have turned his head. The clerical and lay influences in combination have been too much for him. The necessity of ruling three churches has turned him inside out. The triple mouths have choked each other. The *forma tricorniporis umbræ* has reduced his Lordship, even in his own estimation, to a *non ego*. He avails himself of another man's labours, because he knows that he has neither voice nor intellect of his own. The accumulation of office and dignity has deprived him of self-consciousness—to say nothing of conscience. A Sir Jonathan Trelawny was once Bishop of Exeter, and being rather addicted to strong language, he used to divide his personal identity; and the Cornish Baronet was in the habit of apologizing gravely to the ruler of the Western Church for an occasional slip of the tongue. Does something of this sort obtain on the three-cornered stool of Tuam, Killala, and Achonry? Does Lord Plunket divide himself from the *Divus triformis* of that many-mansioned kingdom of souls

—the three dioceses? We beg pardon for this suggestion, which seems to press hard upon Lord Auckland, and we must, therefore, presume that Ireland has something to do with this psychological curiosity, Thomas, Lord Plunket, D.D., Bishop of Tuam, &c. &c. Certainly it could only be to a barbarous people, and, one would think, to an unlettered clergy, that an affront so grave as the delivery and publication of this Charge could have been offered. Careless of the distinguished name which he bears, regardless of the first duties of good faith and morality, impervious we suppose to shame, and callous to exposure, we leave the Bishop of Tuam as a solitary specimen of his order, and in a literary point of view, we take the liberty of stigmatizing his Charge—his Charge—as an event quite unparalleled in the history of the Church and of letters.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION OF THE BLIND.*

PSYCHOLOGY has few more interesting problems than those which respect the education—intellectual, moral, or artistic—of minds from which "wisdom" is "at one entrance quite shut out." Whether in lighting up the inner darkness of those who know not the face of sun or moon, and to whom "day" and "night" are but names for sleeping and waking hours, or in the incaleculably more difficult task of supplying language, and the ideas which language alone can give, to those who never heard the voice of man, the science of mind is never more eminently practical than when it occupies itself in devising substitutes for a lost or undeveloped organ of sense, and in bridging over the chasm which isolates the blind or the deaf and dumb from the living world around them.

The unpretending but very interesting pamphlet before us is a valuable contribution to one leading branch of what we may call applied mental science. Of all the resources which nature and society leave open to the blind, music has always been among the chief, since it exclusively addresses itself to faculties which they usually possess in peculiar perfection; and Mr. Johnson shows good reason for believing that it might be made far more widely available for their solace and mental culture than it is at present. In the summer of 1854 he undertook, at the request of the St. George's Fields Blind School Committee, to inquire into the state of musical instruction, especially as respects other instruments than the organ and pianoforte, in the principal institutions for the blind in various Continental countries. The present publication gives the result of his investigations; and it appears impossible to doubt his main position, that orchestral music might advantageously be added to the course of training hitherto adopted in the asylums and schools of this country. We have been especially struck by his account of his visit to the Blind School of Barcelona, where he heard a band of twenty-three performers execute numerous concerted pieces with "the regularity and precision of a well-trained orchestra." We learn also that in many other Continental establishments, as at Paris, Hamburg, Lille, Dresden, and Berlin, bands of blind instrumental performers—some of them of very high merit—have been formed with perfect success. For the mode in which these results are obtained, we must refer to the pamphlet itself, which is full of curious details (chiefly furnished by M. Guadet, the Director of the Imperial Institution for the Blind at Paris), both on the various "tangible" systems of notation adopted in different countries, and on the method by which pupils are trained to a proficiency in the execution of concerted compositions which may well astonish even those who are most prepared to believe in the musical aptitude of the blind, and in the wonders which may be accomplished by skilled and earnest instructors.

Mr. Johnson seems to us to have fully made out his case. We think with him, that it is scarcely creditable to our own country, that "no attempts have as yet been made in the largest English School to introduce the teaching of instrumental music, other than the organ and pianoforte;" and we hope that a fair trial will be given, by the institution with which he is connected, to the plan which his inquiries have enabled him to sketch out, and which will be found at the close of his pamphlet, for the purpose of supplying this deficiency in our system of instruction for the blind.

* *An Inquiry into the Musical Instruction of the Blind in France, Spain, and America. In a Letter to Samuel Henry Sterry, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of the School for the Indigent Blind.* By Edmund C. Johnson, Member of the Committee of the School for the Indigent Blind, St. George's Fields, &c. &c. Mitchell. 1855.

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